The JUNE Special Number **Beginning Calumet "K"** By Merwin-Webster

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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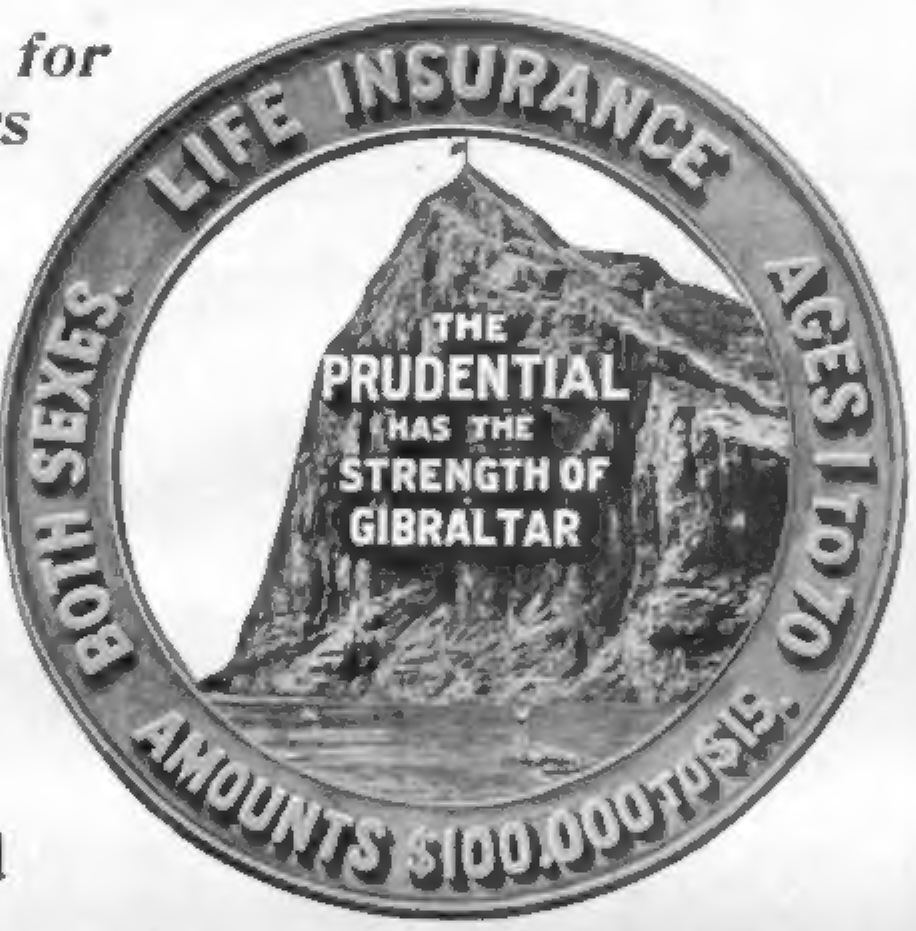

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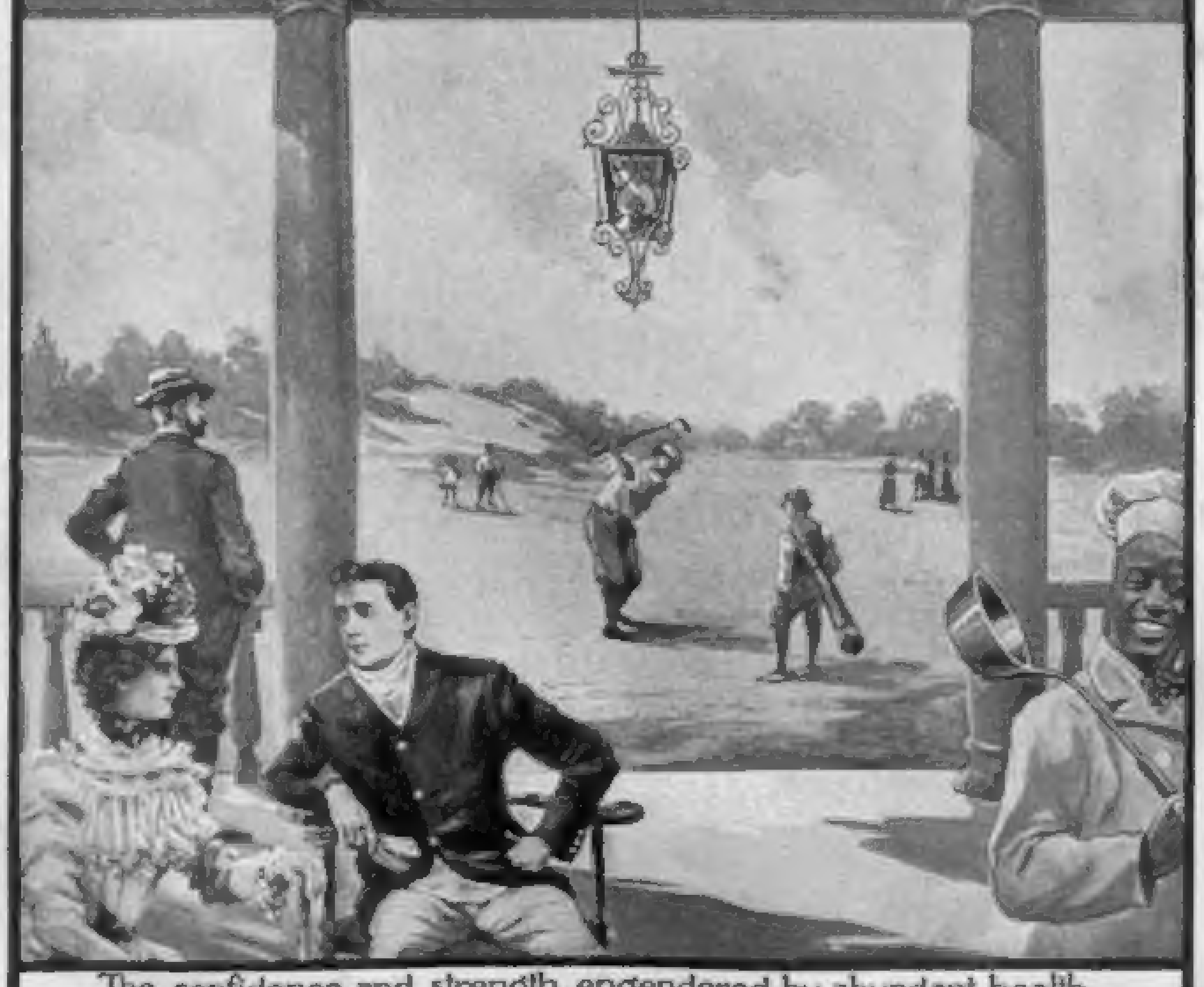

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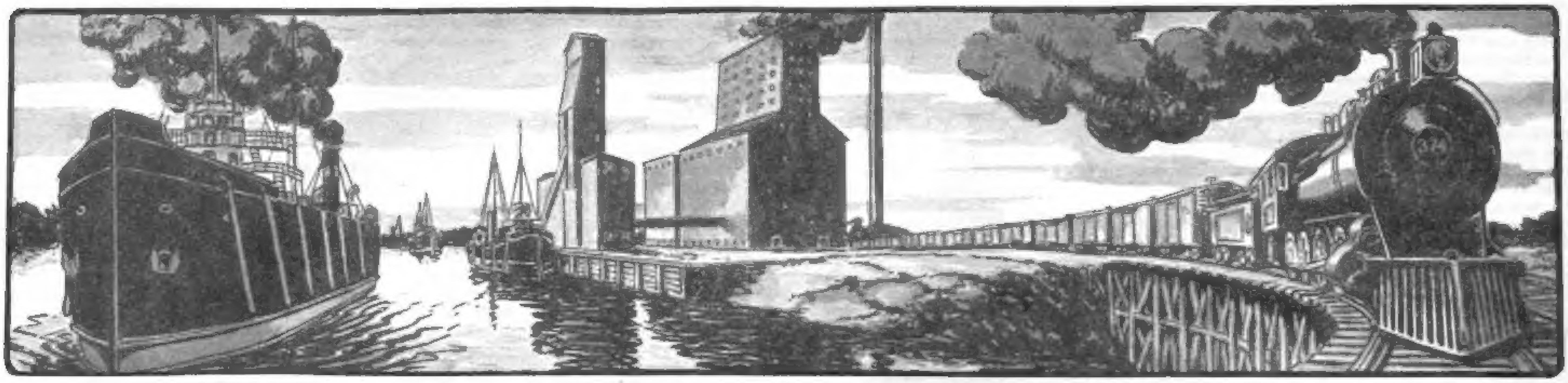

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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FIRST CHAPTER

THE contract for the two-million-bushel grain elevator, Calumet "K," had been let to MacBride & Company, of Minneapolis, in January, but the superstructure was not begun until late in May, and at the end of October it was still far from completion. Ill-luck had attended Peterson, the constructor, especially since August. MacBride, the head of the firm, disliked unlucky men, and at the end of three months his patience gave out, and he telegraphed Charlie Bannon to leave the job he was completing at Duluth and report at once at the home office in Minneapolis.

Rumors of the way things were going at Calumet under the hands of his younger co-laborer had reached Bannon, and he was not greatly surprised when MacBride told him to go to Chicago Sunday night and supersede Peterson.

At ten o'clock Monday morning, Bannon, looking out through the dusty window of the trolley car, caught sight of the elevator, the naked cribbing of its huge bins looming high above the huddled shanties and lumber piles about it. A few minutes later he was walking along a rickety plank sidewalk which seemed to lead in a general direction toward the elevator. The sidewalks at Calumet are at the theoretical grade of the district, that is, about five feet above the actual level of the ground. In winter and spring they are necessary causeways above seas of mud, but in dry weather every one abandons them, to walk straight to his destination over the uninterrupted flats. Bannon set down his hand-bag to button his ulster, for the wind was driving clouds of smoke and stinging dust and an occasional grimy snowflake out of the northwest. Then he sprang down from the sidewalk and made his way through the intervening bogs and, heedless of the shouts of the brakemen, over a freight train which was creaking its endless length across his path, to the elevator site.

The elevator lay back from the river about sixty yards and parallel to it. Between was the main line of the C. & S. C., four clear tracks unbroken by switch or siding. On the wharf, along with a big pile of timber, was the beginning of a small spouting-house, to be connected with the main elevator by a belt gallery above the C. & S. C. tracks. A hundred yards to the westward up the river the Belt Line tracks crossed the river and the C. & S. C. right of way at an oblique angle, and sent two side tracks lengthwise through the middle of the elevator and a third along the south side—that is, the side away from the river.

Bannon glanced over the lie of the land, looked more particularly at the long ranges of timber to be used for framing the cupola, and then asked a passing workman the way to the office. He frowned at the wretched shanty, evidently an abandoned Belt Line section house which Peterson used for headquarters. Then setting down his bag just outside the door he went in.

"Where's the boss?" he asked.

The occupant of the office, a clerk, looked up impatiently and spoke in a tone reserved to discourage seekers for work.

"He ain't here. Out on the job somewhere."

"Palatial office you've got," Bannon commented. "It would help those windows to have 'em plowed." He brought his bag into the office and kicked it under a desk, then began turning over a stack of blue-prints that lay, weighted down with a coupling-pin, on the table.

"I guess I can find Peterson for you if you want to see him," said the clerk.

"Don't worry about my finding him," came from Bannon, deep in his study of the plans. A moment later he went out.

A gang of laborers was engaged in moving the timbers back from the railroad siding. Superintending the work was a squat little man—Bannon could not see until near by that he was not a boy—big-headed, big-handed, big-footed. He stood there in his shirt-sleeves, his back to Bannon, swearing good-humoredly at the men. When he turned toward him Bannon saw that he had that morning played an unconscious joke upon his bright red hair by putting on a crimson necktie.

Bannon asked for Peterson.

"He's up on the framing of the spouting-house, over on the wharf there."

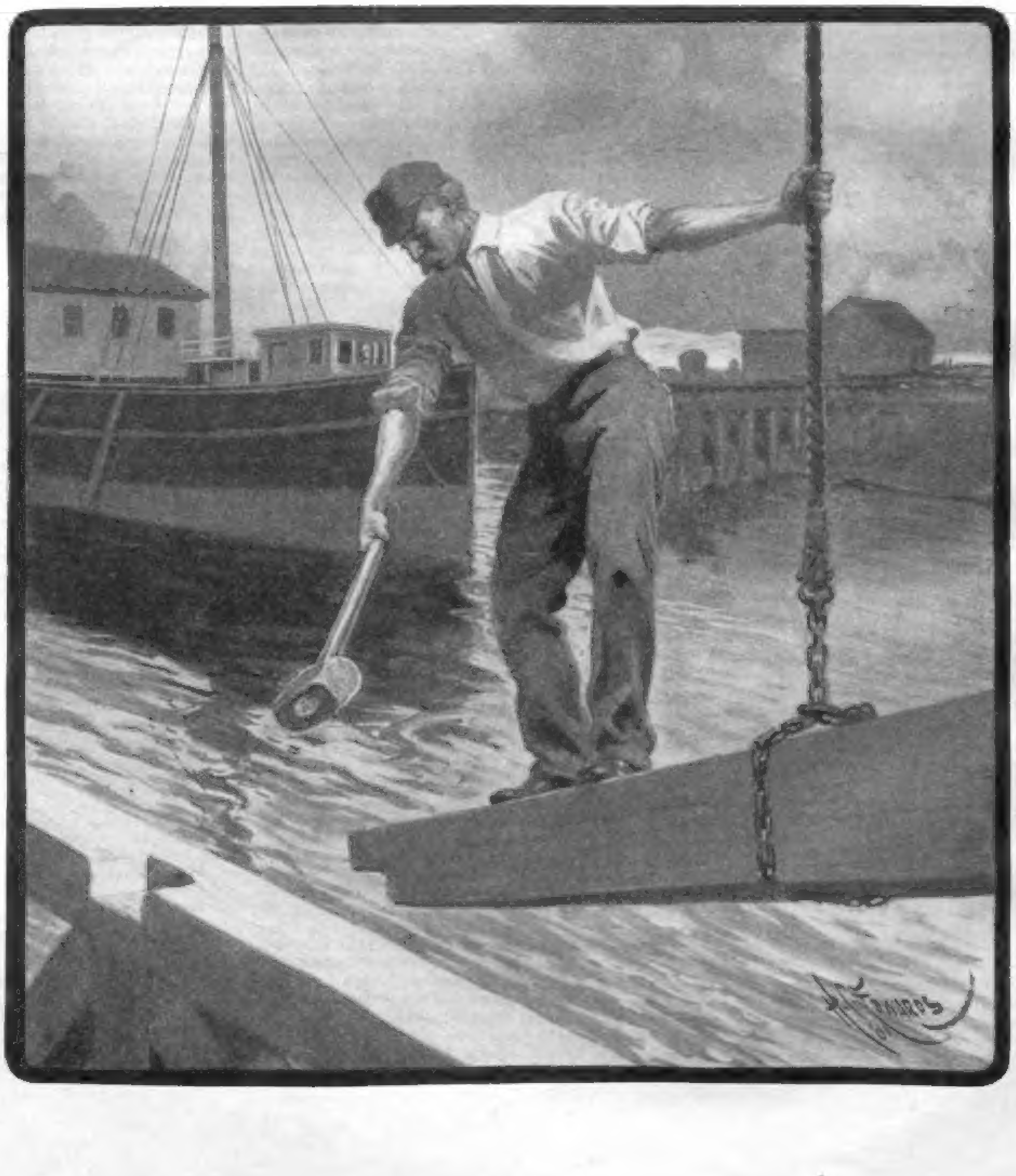
"What are you carrying that stuff around for?" asked Bannon.

"Moving it back to make room by the siding. We're expecting a big bill of cribbing. You're Mr. Bannon, ain't you?" Bannon nodded. "Peterson had a telegram from the Office saying to expect you."

"You're still expecting that cribbing, eh?"

"Harder than ever. That's most all we've been doing for ten days. There's Peterson, now; up there with the sledge."

Bannon looked in time to see the boss spring out on a timber that was still balancing and swaying upon the hoisting rope. It was a good forty feet above the dock. Clinging to the rope with



"There's Peterson, now; up there with the sledge" one hand, with the other Peterson drove his sledge against the side of the timber, which swung almost to its exact position in the framing.

"Slack away!" he called down to the engineers, and he cast off the rope sling. Then cautiously he stepped out to the end of the timber. It tottered, but the lithe figure moved on to within striking distance. He swung the twenty-four pound sledge in a circle against the butt of the timber. Every muscle in his body from the ankles up had helped to deal the blow, and the big stick bucked. The boss sprang erect, flinging his arms wide and using the sledge to recover his balance. He struck hard once more and again lightly. Then he hammered the timber down on the iron dowel pins. "All right," he shouted to the engineer; "send up the next one."

A few minutes later Bannon climbed out on the framing beside him.

"Hello, Charlie!" said the boss, "I've been looking for you. They wired me you was coming."

"Well, I'm here," said Bannon, "though I 'most met my death climbing up just now. Where do you keep your ladders?"

"What do I want of a ladder? I've no use for a man who can't get up on the timbers. If a man needs a ladder he'd better stay abed."

"That's where I get fired first thing," said Bannon.

"Why, you come up all right, with your overcoat on, too."

"I had to wear it or scratch up the timbers with my bones. I lost thirty-two pounds up at Duluth."

Another big timber came swinging up to them at the end of the hoisting-rope. Peterson sprang out upon it. "I'm going down before I get brushed off," said Bannon.

"I'll be back at the office as soon as I get this corbel laid."

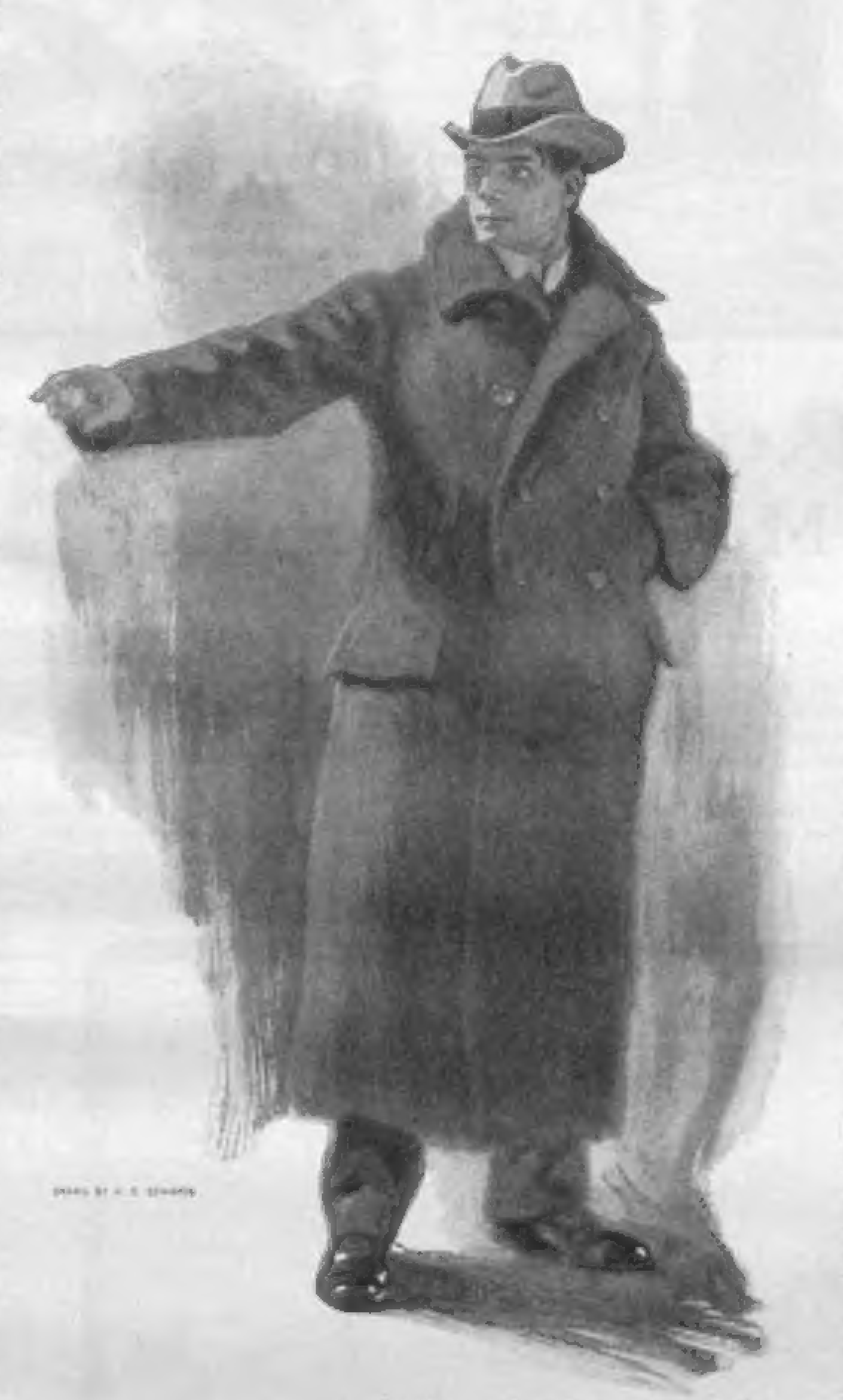
"No hurry. I want to look over the drawings. Go easy there," he called to the engineer at the hoist; "I'm coming down on the elevator." Peterson had already cast off the rope, but Bannon jumped for it and thrust his foot into the hook, and the engineer, not knowing who he was, let him down none too gently.

On his way to the office he spoke to two carpenters at work on a stick of timber. "You'd better leave that, I guess, and get some four-inch cribbing and some inch stuff and make some ladders; I guess there's enough lying 'round. About four'll do."

It was no wonder that the Calumet "K" job had proved too much for Peterson. It was difficult from the beginning. There was not enough ground space to work in comfortably, and the proper bestowal of the millions of feet of lumber until time for it to be used in the construction was no mean problem. The elevator was to be a typical "Chicago" house, built to receive grain from cars and to deliver it either to cars or to ships. As has been said, it stood back from the river, and grain for ships was to be carried on belt conveyors running in an inclosed bridge above the railroad tracks to the small spouting house on the wharf. It had originally been designed to have a capacity for twelve hundred thousand bushels, but the grain men who were building it, Page & Company, had decided after it was fairly started that it must be larger, so, in the midst of his work, Peterson had received instructions and drawings for a million-bushel annex. He had done excellent work—work satisfactory even to MacBride & Company—on a smaller scale, and so he had been given the opportunity, the responsibility, the hundreds of employees, the liberal authority, to make what he could of it all.

There could be no doubt that he had made a tangle; that the big job as a whole was not under his hand, but was just running itself as best it could. Bannon, who, since the days when he was chief of the wrecking gang on a division of the Grand Trunk, had made a business of rising to emergencies, was obviously the man for the situation. He was worn thin as an old knife blade; he was just at the end of a piece of work that would have entitled any other man to a vacation, but MacBride made no apologies when he assigned him the new task—"Go down and stop this fiddling around and get the house built. See that it's handling grain before you come away. If you can't, I'll come down and do it myself."

Bannon shook his head dubiously. "Well, I'm not sure——" he began. But MacBride laughed, whereupon Bannon grinned in spite of himself. "All right," he said.


Bannon . . . obviously the man for the situation

It was no laughing matter, though, here on the job this Monday morning, and, once alone in the little section house, he shook his head again gravely. He liked Peterson too well, for one thing, to supersede him without a qualm. But there was nothing else for it, and he took off his overcoat, laid aside the coupling-pin, and attacked the blue-prints.

He worked rapidly, turning now and then from the plans for a reference to the building book or the specifications, whistling softly, except when he stopped to growl, from force of habit, at the Office, or, with more reasonable disapproval, at the man who had made the drawings for the annex. "Regular ——— bird cage," he called it.

It was half an hour before Peterson came in. He was wiping the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand, and drawing long breaths with the mere enjoyment of living. "I feel good," he said. "That's where I'd like to work all day. You ought to go up and sledge them timbers for a while. That'd warm you through, I bet."

"You ought to make your timekeeper give you one of those brass checks there and pay you eighteen cents an hour for that work. That's what I'd do."

Peterson laughed. It took more than a hint to reach him. "I have to do it. Those laborers are no good. Honest, I can lift as much as any three men on the job."

"That's all right if those same three don't stop to swap lies while you're lifting."

"Well, I guess they don't come any of that on me," said Peterson, laughing again. "How long are you going to stay with us?"

The Office, then, had not told him. Bannon was for a moment at a loss what to say. Luckily there was an interruption. The red-headed young man he had spoken to an hour before came in, tossed a tally-board on the desk, and said that another carload of timber had come in.

"Mr. Bannon," said Peterson, "shake hands with Mr. Max Vogel, our lumber checker." That formality attended to, he turned to Bannon and repeated his question. By that time the other had his answer ready.

"Oh, it all depends on the Office," he said. "They're bound to keep me busy at something. I'll just stay till they tell me to go somewhere else. They ain't happy except when they've just put me in a hole and told me to climb out. Generally before I'm out they pick me up and chuck me down another one. Old MacBride wouldn't think the Company was prosperous if I wasn't working nights and Sundays."

"You won't be doing that down here."

"I don't know about that. Why, when I first went to work for 'em they hired me by the day. My time-cards for the first year figured up four hundred and thirty-six days." Peterson laughed. "Oh, that's straight," said Bannon. "Next time you're at the Office ask Brown about it. Since then they've paid me a salary. They seem to think they'd have to go out of business if I ever took a vacation. I've been with 'em twelve years and they've never given me one yet. They made a bluff at it once. I was down at Newport News, been doing a job for the C. & O., and Fred Brown was down that way on business. He——"

"What does Brown look like?" interrupted Peterson. "I never saw him."

"You didn't! Oh, he's a good-looking young chap. Dresses kind of sporty. He's a great jollier. You have to know him a while to find that he means business. Well, he came 'round and saw I was feeling pretty tired, so he asked me to knock off for a week and go fishing with him. I did, and it was the hardest work I ever tackled."

"Did you get any fish?"

"Fish? Whales! You'd no sooner throw your line over than another one'd grab it—great, big, heavy fish, and they never gave us a minute's rest. I worked like a horse for about half a day and then I gave up. Told Brown I'd take a duplex car-puller along next time I tackled that kind of a job, and I went back to the elevator."

"I'd like to see Brown. I get letters from him right along, of course. He's been jollying me about that cribbing for the last two weeks. I can't make it grow, and I've written him right along that we were expecting it, but that don't seem to satisfy him."

"I suppose not," said Bannon. "They're mostly out for results up at the Office. Let's see the bill for it." Vogel handed him a thin typewritten sheet and Bannon looked it over thoughtfully. "Big lot of stuff, ain't it? Have you tried to get any of it here in Chicago?"

"Course not. It's all ordered and cut out up to Ledyard."

"Cut out? Then why don't they send it?"

"They can't get the cars."

"That'll do to tell. 'Can't get the cars!' What sort of a railroad have they got up there?"

"Max, here, can tell you about that, I guess," said Peterson.

"It's the G. & M.," said the lumber checker. "That's enough for any one who's lived in Michigan. It ain't much good."

"How long have they kept 'em waiting for the cars?"

"How long is it, Max?" asked Peterson.

"Let's see. It was two weeks ago come Tuesday."

"Sure?"

"Yes. We got the letter the same day the red-headed man came here. His hair was good and red." Max laughed broadly at the recollection. "He came into the office just as we was reading it."

"Oh, yes. My friend, the walking delegate."

"What's that?" Bannon snapped the words out so sharply that Peterson looked at him in slow surprise.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "A darn little rat of a red-headed walking delegate came out here—had a printed card with 'Business Agent' on it—and poked his long nose into other people's business for a while and asked the men questions, and at last he came to me. I told him that we treated our men all right and didn't need no help from him, and if I ever caught him out here again I'd carry him up to the top of the jim pole and leave him there. He went fast enough."

"I wish he'd knocked you down first, to even things up."

"Him! Oh, I could have handled him with three fingers."

"I'm going out for a look around," said Bannon abruptly.

He left Peterson still smiling good-humoredly over the incident.

It was not so much to look over the job as to get where he could work out his wrath that Bannon left the office. There was no use in trying to explain to Peterson what he had done, for even if he could be made to understand, he could undo nothing. Bannon had known a good many walking delegates, and he had found them, so far, square. But it would be a large-minded man who could overlook what Peterson had done. However, there was no help for it. All that remained was to wait till the business agent should make the next move.

So Bannon put the whole incident out of his mind and until noon inspected the job in earnest. By the time the whistle blew every one of the hundreds of men on the job save Peterson himself knew that there was a new boss. There was no formal assumption of authority; Bannon's supremacy was established simply by the obvious fact that he was the man who knew how. Systematizing the confusion in one corner, showing another gang how to save handling a big stick twice, finally putting a runway across the drillage of the annex, and doing a hundred little things between times, he made himself master.

The afternoon he spent in the little office, and by four o'clock had seen everything there was in it, plans, specifications, building book, bill file, and even the pay-roll, the cash account and the correspondence. The clerk, who was also timekeeper, exhibited the latter rather grudgingly.

"What's all this stuff?" Bannon asked, holding up a stack of unfiled letters.

"Letters we ain't answered yet."

"Well, we'll answer them now," and Bannon commenced dictating his reply to the one on top of the stack.

"Hold on," said the clerk. "I ain't a stenographer."

"So?" said Bannon. He scribbled a brief memorandum on each sheet. "There's enough to go by," he said. "Answer 'em according to instructions."

"I won't have time to do it till to-morrow some time."

"I'd do it to-night, if I were you," said Bannon significantly. Then he began writing letters himself.

Peterson and Vogel came into the office a few minutes later.

"Writing a letter to your girl?" said Peterson jocularly.

"We ought to have a stenographer out here, Pete."

"Stenographer! I didn't know you was such a dude. You'll be wanting a solid silver electric bell connecting with the sody fountain next."

"That's straight," said Bannon. "We ought to have a stenographer for a fact."

He said nothing until he had finished and sealed the two letters he was writing. They were as follows:

> *Dear Mr. Brown:* It's a mess and no mistake. I'm glad Mr. MacBride didn't come to see it. He'd have fits. The whole job is tied up in a hard knot. Peterson is wearing out chair bottoms waiting for the cribbing from Ledyard. I expect we will have a strike before long. I mean it.
>
> The main house is most up to the distributing floor. The spouting house is framed. The annex is up as far as the bottom waiting for cribbing. Yours, BANNON.
>
> P. S. I hope this letter makes you sweat to pay you for last Saturday night. I am about dead. Can't get any sleep. And I lost thirty-two pounds up to Duluth. I expect to die down here. C. B.
>
> P. S. I guess we'd better set fire to the whole ——— thing and collect the insurance and skip. C.

The other was shorter.

> MACBRIDE & COMPANY, Minneapolis:
>
> *Gentlemen:* I came on the Calumet job to-day. Found it held up by failure of cribbing from Ledyard. Will have at least enough to work with by end of the week. We will get the house done according to specifications.
>
> Yours truly, MACBRIDE & COMPANY.
> CHARLES BANNON.

SECOND CHAPTER

THE five o'clock whistle had sounded, and Peterson sat on the bench inside the office door, while Bannon washed his hands in the tin basin. The twilight was already settling; within the shanty, whose dirty, small-paned windows served only to indicate the lesser darkness without, a wall lamp, set in a dull reflector, threw shadows into the corners.

"You're coming up with me, ain't you?" said Peterson. "I don't believe you'll get much to eat. Supper's just the pickings from dinner."

"Well, the dinner was all right. But I wish you had a bigger bed. I ain't slept for two nights."

"What was the matter?"

"I was on the sleeper last night, and I didn't get in from the Duluth job till seven o'clock Saturday night, and Brown was after me before I'd got my supper. Those fellows at the Office wouldn't let a man sleep at all if they could help it. Here I'd been working like a nigger 'most five months on the Duluth house—and the last three weeks running night shifts and Sundays; didn't stop to eat, half the time—and what does Brown do but—'Well,' he says, 'how're you feeling, Charlie?' 'Middling,' said I. 'Are you up to a little job to-morrow?' 'What's that?' I said. 'Seems to me if I've got to go down to the Calumet job Sunday night I might have an hour or so at home.' 'Well, Charlie,' he says, 'I'm mighty sorry, but you see we've been putting in a big rope drive on a water-power plant over at Stillwater. We got the job on the high bid,' he says, 'and we agreed to have it running on Monday morning. It'll play the devil with us if we can't make good.' 'What's the matter?' said I. 'Well,' he says, 'Murphy's had the job and has balled himself up.'"

By this time the two men had their coats on and were outside the building.

"Let's see," said Bannon, "we go this way, don't we?"

"Yes."

There were still the light, flying flakes of snow, and the biting wind that came sweeping down from the northwest. The two men crossed the siding, and picking their way between the freight cars on the Belt Line tracks, followed the path that wound across the stretch of dusty meadow.

"Go ahead," said Peterson; "you was telling about Murphy."

"Well, that was the situation. I could see that Brown was up on his hind legs about it, but it made me tired, all the same. Of course the job had to be done, but I wasn't letting him have any satisfaction. I told him he ought to give it to somebody else, and he handed me a lot of stuff about my experience. Finally I said: 'You come around in the morning, Mr. Brown. I ain't had any sleep to speak of for three weeks. I lost thirty-two pounds,' I said, 'and I ain't going to be bothered to-night.' Well, sir, he kind of shook his head, but he went away, and I got to thinking about it. Long about half-past seven I went down and got a time-table. There was a train to Stillwater at eight forty-two."

"That night?"

"Sure. I went over to the shops with an express wagon and got a thousand feet of rope—had it in two coils so I could handle it—and just made the train. It was a mean night. There was some rain when I started, but you ought to have seen it when I got to Stillwater—it was coming down in layers, and mud that sucked your feet down half way to your knees. There wasn't a wagon anywhere around the station, and the agent wouldn't lift a finger. It was blind dark. I walked off the end of the platform, and went plump into a mud hole. I waded up as far as the street crossing, where there was an electric light, and ran across a big lumber yard, and hung around until I found the night watchman. He was pretty near as mean as the station agent, but he finally let me have a wheelbarrow for half a dollar, and told me how to get to the job.

"He called it fifty rods, but it was a clean mile if it was a step, and most of the way down the track. I wheeled her back to the station, got the rope and started out. Did you ever try to shove two five-hundred-foot coils over a mile of cross-ties? Well, that's what I did. I scraped off as much mud as I could, so I could lift my feet, and bumped over those ties till I thought the teeth were going to be jarred clean out of me. After I got off the track there was a stretch of mud that left the road by the station up on dry land.

"There was a fool of a night watchman at the power plant—I reckon he thought I was going to steal the turbines, but he finally let me in, and I set him to starting up the power while I cleaned up Murphy's job and put in the new rope."

"All by yourself?" asked Peterson.

"Sure thing. Then I got her going and she worked smooth as grease. When we shut down and I came up to wash my hands it was five minutes of three. I said: 'Is there a train back to Minneapolis before very long?' 'Yes,' says the watchman, 'the fast freight goes through a little after three.' 'How much after?' I said. 'Oh,' he says, 'I couldn't say exactly. Five or eight minutes, I guess.' I asked when the next train went, and he said there wasn't a regular passenger till six-fifty-five. Well, sir, maybe you think I was going to wait four hours in that hole! I went out of that building to beat the Limited—never thought of the wheelbarrow till I was half way to the station. And there was some of the liveliest stepping you ever saw. Couldn't see a thing except the light on the rails from the arc lamp up by the station. I got about half way there—running along between the rails—and banged into a switch—knocked me seven ways for Sunday. Lost my hat picking myself up, and couldn't stop to find it."

Peterson turned in toward one of a long row of square frame houses.

"Here we are," he said. As they went up the stairs he asked: "Did you make the train?"

"Caught the caboose just as she was swinging out. They dumped me out in the freight yards, and I didn't get home till 'most five o'clock. I went right to bed, and along about eight o'clock Brown came in and woke me up. He was feeling pretty nervous. 'Say, Charlie,' he said, 'ain't it time for you to be starting?' 'Where to?' said I. 'Over to Stillwater,' he said. 'There ain't any getting out of it. That drive's got to be running to-morrow.' 'That's all right,' said I, 'but I'd like to know if I can't have one day's rest between jobs—Sunday, too. And I lost thirty-two pounds.' Well, sir, he didn't know whether to get hot or not. I guess he thought himself they were kind of rubbing it in. 'Look here,' he said, 'are you going to Stillwater, or ain't you?' 'No,' said I, 'I ain't. Not for a hundred rope drives.' Well, he just got up and took his hat and started out. 'Mr. Brown,' I said, when he was opening the door, 'I lost my hat down at Stillwater last night. I reckon the Office ought to stand for it.' He turned around and looked queer, and then he grinned. 'So you went over?' he said. 'I reckon I did,' said I. 'What kind of a hat did you lose?' he asked, and he grinned again. 'I guess it was a silk one, wasn't it?' 'Yes,' said I, 'a silk hat—something about eight dollars.'"

"Did he mean he'd give you a silk hat?" asked Peterson.

"Couldn't say."

They were sitting in the ten-by-twelve room that Peterson rented for a dollar a week. Bannon had the one chair, and was sitting tipped back against the washstand. Peterson sat on the bed. Bannon had thrown his overcoat over the foot of the bed, and had dropped his bag on the floor by the window.

"Ain't it time to eat, Pete?" he said.

"Yes, there's the bell."

The significance of Bannon's arrival, and the fact that he was planning to stay, was slow in coming to Peterson. After supper, when they had returned to the room, his manner showed constraint. Finally he said:

"Is there any fuss up to the Office?"

"What about?"

"Why—do they want to rush the job or something?"

"Well, we haven't got such a lot of time. You see, it's November already."

"What's the hurry all of a sudden? They didn't say nothing to me."

"I guess you haven't been crowding it very hard, have you?"

Peterson flushed.

"I've been working harder than I ever did before," he said. "If it wasn't for the cribbing being held up like this, I'd 'a' had the cupola half done before now. I've been playing in hard luck."

Bannon was silent for a moment, then he said:

"How long do you suppose it would take to get the cribbing down from Ledyard?"

"Not very long if it was rushed, I should think—a couple of days, or maybe three. And they'll rush it all right when they can get the cars. You see, it's only ten or eleven hours up there, passenger schedule; and they could run it right in on the job over the Belt Line."

"It's the Belt Line that crosses the bridge, is it?"

"Yes."

Bannon spread his legs apart and drummed on the front of his chair.

"What's the other line?" he asked—"the four-track line?"

"That's the C. & S. C. We don't have nothing to do with them."

They were both silent for a time. The flush had not left Peterson's face. His eyes were roving over the carpet, lifting now and then to Bannon's face with a quick glance.

"Guess I'll shave," said Bannon. "Do you get hot water here?"

"Why, I don't know," replied Peterson. "I generally use cold water. The folks here ain't very obliging. Kind o' poor, you know."

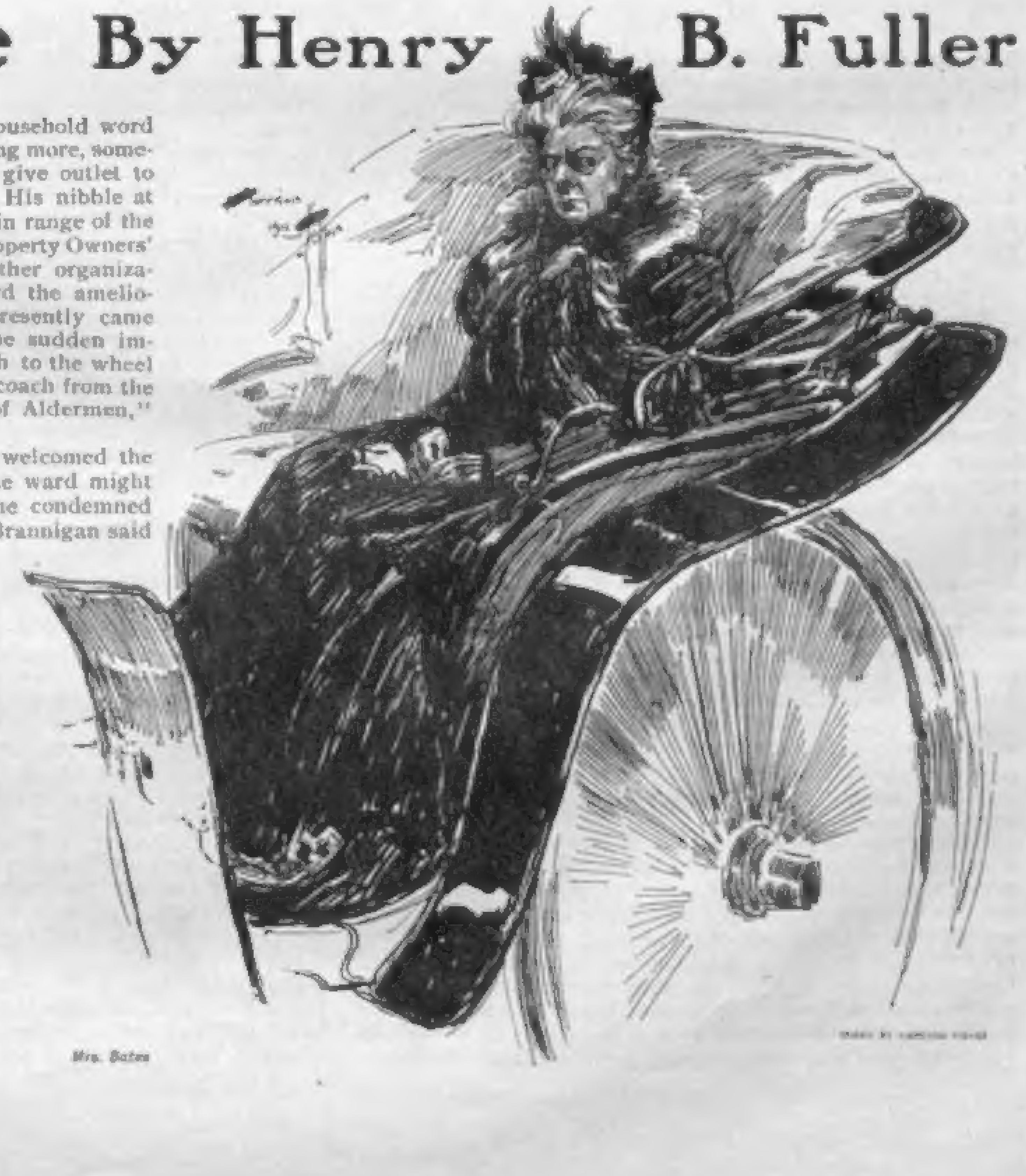
Bannon was rummaging in his grip for his shaving kit.

"You never saw a razor like that, Pete," he said. "Just heft it once."

(*Continued on Page 22*)

Striking an Average

By Henry B. Fuller



Mrs. Bates

I

SO FAR, so good," said Michael A. Brannigan, leading his young charge away from the sloppy bar. "But you don't want to stop here. It ain't enough to drink with the boys; you ought to dance now with some of the girls."

"All right," returned Jameson Bates with great readiness. He was "mixing," and it was neither time nor place for anything like half-measures.

The air of the hall was hazy with dust and smoke. Now and then came a whiff from across a beer-sodden area of sawdust. The band, up in a dingy corner of the gallery, was just beginning on Casey Would Dance with the Strawberry Blonde.

"You've got it in you," said Brannigan, eying the toe that Jameson was beating upon the battered floor.

"Never waltzed before in my life!" returned Jameson with a grimace.

"You didn't?" queried his guide with a note of disappointment.

"But I'm going to now," finished Jameson.

"Can you?" asked the other doubtfully.

"I guess so. It's always looked easy. For the matter of that, never ran for alderman before. Ain't finding that very hard, either."

"You'll get through all right," said Brannigan, grinning in the young fellow's smooth, fair face.

"Sure thing," returned Jameson.

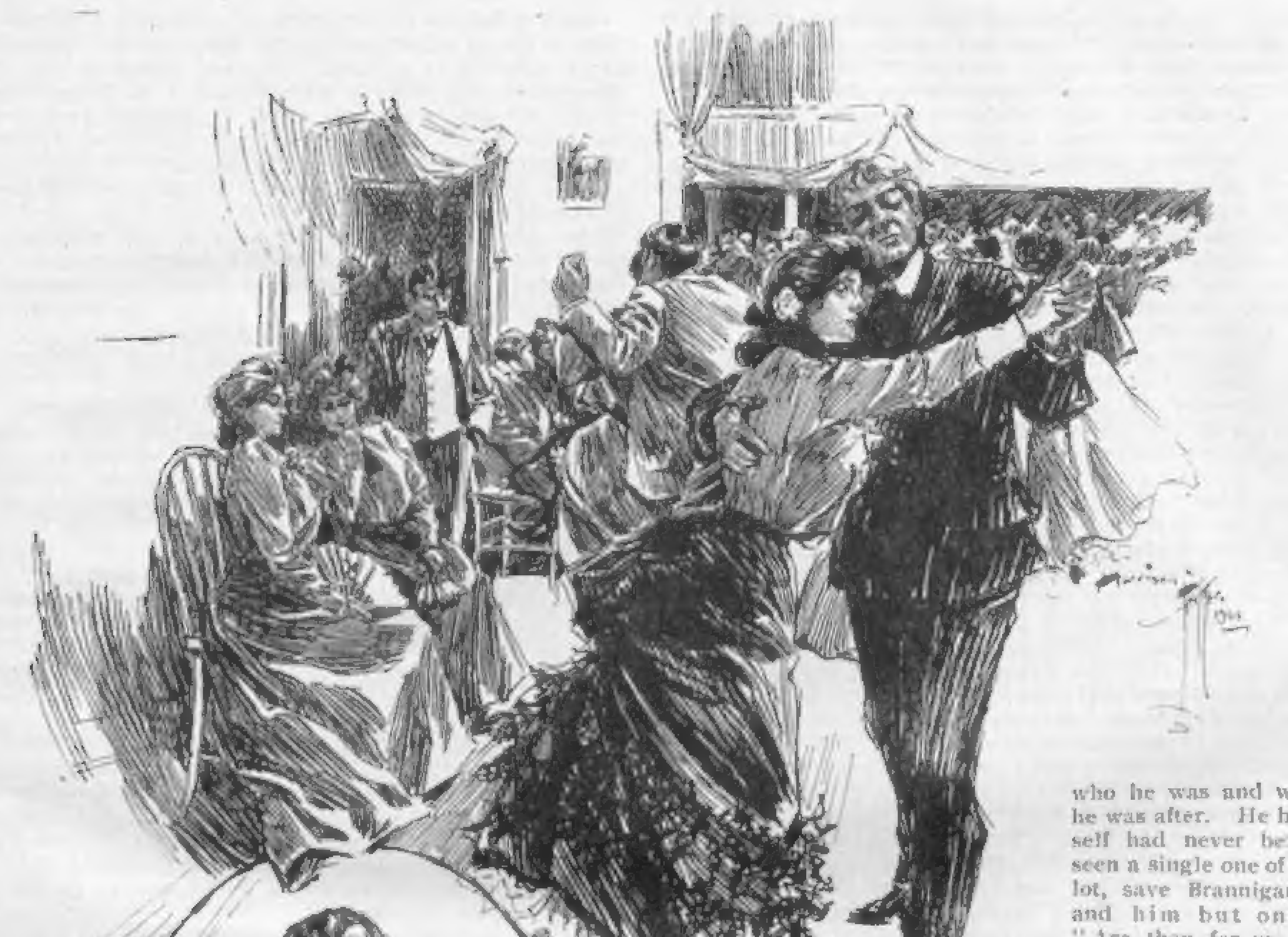
The Sons and Daughters of the Golden Signet were just taking the floor again.

"Let me introjooce you to a girl or two," said Brannigan.

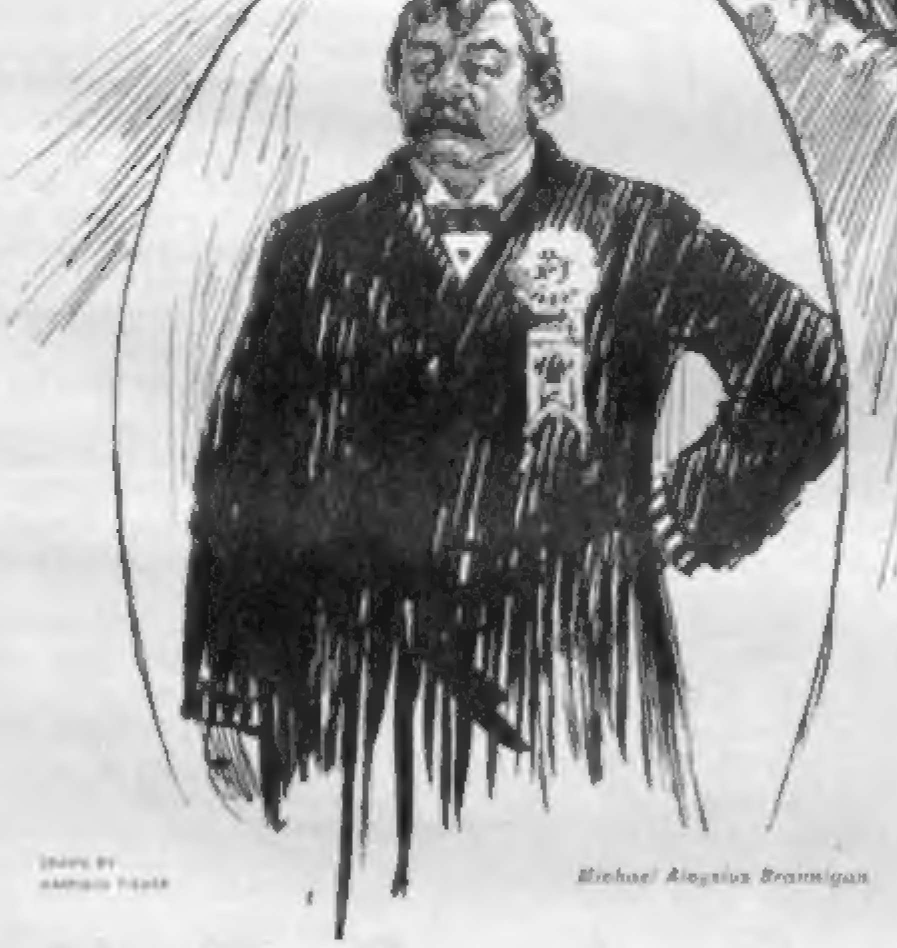
"Let me introjooce meself," returned Jameson.

Edgar Jameson Bates was twenty-five years old. He was six feet tall, weighed one hundred and seventy pounds, was sound as a nut and strong as an ox. He had been centre rush at Yale, had hunted the Rocky Mountain sheep up beyond Calgary, and for the past year and a half had been more or less engaged in the practice of the law. But Jameson was never meant to quibble and squabble; nor had he ever felt drawn, like his elder brother, into the "business"—into the great concern that their father had originated and developed and had made a household word the country through. Something more, something different was needed to give outlet to his superabundant energies. His nibble at the law had brought him within range of the City Voters' League and the Property Owners' Protective Association, and other organizations that were working toward the amelioration of local conditions. Presently came the day when Jameson felt the sudden impulse to put his young strength to the wheel and to help lift the municipal coach from the mire. "I'll join the Board of Aldermen," he said.

Michael Aloysius Brannigan welcomed the new recruit gladly; at last the ward might be got out of the hands of the condemned Republicans. What Michael Brannigan said was likely to go. He was the captain of his ward and an important wheel in the general municipal machinery. He was a city boiler inspector. He drew the salary, and the work was done by somebody else—or by nobody. He himself did not know a flue from a flange and made but a pretense of keeping a record of inspections. Now and then a steam laundry blew up and made a page for the papers. But if Michael did not give satisfaction in this cramped field, he succeeded admirably in a wider one: he was never so happy as when managing for the general body of citizens those concerns which the general body of citizens should



Everybody in Harmony Hall was watching him



DRAWN BY [illegible]

Michael Aloysius Brannigan

have managed for themselves. Michael, in short, was one of the muddy ditches through which the ardent young patriot must flounder as best he may if he desires to enter the fair field of public service that lies beyond.

Jameson was too robust to be fastidious; he saw, moreover, that the game must be played with the men actually on the board. He applied to Michael Aloysius. The great man's first response was non-committal. However, he invited the neophyte to mingle with the Sons and Daughters. If he turned out a good "mixer" he might do.

"That girl in red is the one for me," declared Jameson.

Brannigan had looked at the girl in red first—involuntarily. Jameson had seen him do so. Brannigan was not aware of this.

"Yes, the one in red," repeated Jameson. "She's a beaut. Watch me."

Jameson had caught the tone of the assembly quite miraculously. After that, to catch the step of the dance was but a trifle. He walked over briskly to the girl in red and made known his modest ambition. She seemed a vigorous, positive creature, and could pull him through, as he felt with relief, if anybody could. As they stepped out to take the floor another young man, with heavy shoulders, a superabundant mustache and a careful brown scollop on his forehead, turned away forestalled and thwarted.

"No previous claim?" smiled Jameson, gathering her fingers in his big, smooth hand. These were smooth, too—as well-cared-for and ladylike as one might wish.

"First come," replied the girl, lifting her black eyebrows with quite an air. Perhaps, after all, she entertained a slight grudge against the other for his heavy, lumbering tardiness.

"Time counts," said Jameson sententiously, as he took an opening step.

"Well, let's keep it," she replied briefly. The first false start rectified, she carefully laid her face—a face framed in a wide flange of jet-black hair—against his shoulder: clearly she was meaning to abandon herself completely to the melting rhythm of the cornet, the trombone, the two fiddles and the flute. Jameson accommodated himself as well as he could to the creakle and swish of her satin skirt trimmed liberally yet inexpensively with wide-meshed black lace, and kept his feet out of tangle with more or less success. Everybody in Harmony Hall was watching him; not a soul there but knew who he was and what he was after. He himself had never before seen a single one of the lot, save Brannigan—and him but once. "Are they for me, or ag'in me?" wondered Jameson as he looked out over the top of the girl's hair.

He kept it up fearlessly. He had a natural sense of rhythm and had always been light on his feet. But the deuce seemed in it—he was barely holding his own. There was a titter from a girl whom he might have asked first, but hadn't, and a single derisive note of laughter from the muscular young man with the scolloped hair. "So it goes," muttered Jameson; "if I were doing well, they'd like it still less."

His partner suddenly lifted her flaring frame of hair from his shoulder and looked across that wide ridge with angry eyes. She was not to be balked in her triumph; if the performance called for the aid of a second mind, that mind was here. She set her straight lips firmly and took command. Respect, reluctant yet complete, ruled once more through the place.

"Well, you're a wonder," said Jameson as they toppled suddenly into a pair of rough chairs set against the wall. "You pulled me through in great shape."

"I came here to *dance*," she returned.

Her tone might have implied either reproach or determination.

"And haven't you?" he asked. "You could dance on a cinder-pile. You could dance with a clothes-horse. What is your name?"

"Well, *that's* a question! What difference does it make?"

"What difference? The name of the first young lady I ever danced with in my life?"

She stared at him.

"Well, you *have* got the nerve!"

"I need it in this business. What kind of an office do you work in?"

Such flattery was irresistible.

"My name is Marguerite Ryan," she answered with a toss of the head.

"'Marguerite!'" he replied, throwing up his own. "Nonsense! Never in the world!"

"My name is Marguerite Ryan," she reiterated. "What do you mean by telling me it isn't?"

"Come, now," insinuated Jameson very quietly; "your mother calls you Maggie; you know she does. And your little brother calls you Mag."

The girl's eyes sparkled angrily. "You leave my mother out. My name," she repeated, "is Marguerite——"

"Your name," interrupted Jameson in a calm, gentle tone, "is Margaret. It's a very beautiful one, and one that becomes you. Don't let anybody change it; don't let anybody tinker with it. Margaret Ryan," he repeated, looking out with seeming abstraction upon the clearing floor in front of them; "what could be better? What sweeter? What more musical?"

The girl gave a gasp. He had ruffled her with one hand, it seemed, to smooth her with the other. He had threatened to humble her, yet had raised her higher than she stood before. Taking it all around, he had let her off rather easily.

"Margaret Ryan, if you say so," she acquiesced presently. "What's yours?"

Jameson smiled as he answered. Everybody in the hall knew his name, this girl included; everybody in the city knew it. The entire community recognized in his father, Granger Bates, the head and front of one of the great industrial concerns of the West, the employer of thousands of hands and a prime mover in manufacture and transportation. Not one whit behind was his wife, a social light par excellence: she was the president of the Woman's National League; she was the "Susan Lathrop Bates" whose name stood carved in imperishable stone among the gables and gargoyles that shut in the campus of the University; and on more than one memorable occasion she had led, with a stateliness and magnificence that had intimidated her son himself, the grand march at the Charity Ball. As for his own deeds of prowess, were they not written in——

"'Jameson!'" cried the girl mockingly. "Nonsense! Never in the world!"

"My name," he reiterated, in her own solemn tone of expostulation, "is Edgar Jameson-Bates——"

"Not a bit of it!" she retorted quickly. "Your father calls you Jim, you know he does. And your mother calls you Jimmy!"

"Guessed it the first shot!" cried Jameson, delighted. "You're a winner—no mistake!"

"What is she like?"

"Mother?" Jameson shrugged his shoulders; this girl knew all about his mother. The great lady's picture was in the public prints once a month throughout the year, and daily paragraphs were made of her simplest doings. "Oh," he replied, humoring the other's fantasy, "she's a solid, husky person like me—no nonsense about her."

"Well, I'd let somebody else say it."

"What! can't I speak a good word for my own mother?"

"And two for yourself."

"And two hundred for you."

"I haven't heard them yet."

"You're going to."

"What for? To bring my uncle 'round?"

"Your uncle? Who's he?"

"Didn't I see him send you over to me?"

"What! Is Michael Brannigan your uncle? I never knew it—I swear I didn't. I came of my own accord. 'There's some one girl here,' thought I, 'who ought to be taken out first, and who expects to be, and who deserves to be; one who's prettier than any of the others, and more spirited, and more stylish——'"

"That will do to say!" interrupted Margaret, waving aside a superfluous finish.

"That's why I say it. Well, what kind of an office *do* you work in?"

"What makes you think I work in any kind?" asked the girl, now almost wishing that she didn't.

"Why, you don't suppose I thought you worked in a department store, do you?"

This appreciation charmed her. "Well, if you want to know, I'm in the County Building—in the Recorder's department."

"I understand," said Jameson. "You write all day in those big books."

"And what do *you* do?"

"I'm a lawyer—sort o'. Perhaps you copy some of *my* things now and then. I'm death on deeds."

"And on words, too, eh?"

"I'm not so shy there, either."

"Well, if you want to get this nomination it will take more than talk."

"What nomination?" asked Jameson innocently.

"Oh, you!" said the girl. "I knew about it all along!" she added.

"Oh, me!" replied Jameson. "I knew all along you did!"

"Well, then, get up and hustle."

"What am I doing now? Do you mean it's time for another washout at the bar?"

"No, I don't. That sort of thing isn't so very necessary, I don't believe. Nor so very nice, either. Do you see that girl over in that far-away corner?"

"I do."

"Not very pretty, eh?"

"Not very."

"A good deal of a dowdy, besides?"

"I should say so."

"Well, you've got *me* on the string all right, so go over and dance with her. She's got a kind of a pull, too—at least her father has."

"Dance?" objected Jameson. "You know what my dancing is. Besides, I want to stay where I am."

"Do you think I'm going to sit here much longer? Go; you'll find the poor thing glad enough to take the will for the deed. If her father and my uncle agree——"

"Well, you know best," said Jameson, rising dejectedly. "If I could have another waltz with you, afterward——"

"Not on your life," said Margaret emphatically. "As I told you before, I came here to *dance*."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by."

"Till we meet again."

"That will never be. By to-morrow my name might be Kate or Sally or Dorothy Jane, for all you'll be able to remember."

"It will be Margaret, just the same."

"Well, don't forget that 'Ryan' follows it—and that 'Miss' comes before."

"I hope I know how to address a—a letter to a lady," said Jameson solemnly. "What is the rest of the superscription?"

"I'm in the directory, like all the public employees. But you needn't look there."

"I shall, though."

"I forbid you."

"Then what street-car line do I take?"

"Well, for cold cheek——!"

"So you won't see me again?—not even for a quadrille?" asked Jameson, lingering.

"Well, I might consider *that*," returned the girl guardedly.

II

"HE'LL do," said Brannigan. "And he's the only one who can pull the old Third over on the right side of the line."

"That's what we need," observed His Honor sententiously.

"But how about Callahan?" asked the city clerk. Callahan was the stout young man with the scolloped hair. He was secretary of the Steamfitters' Union and had a following of his own. His following, as it immediately developed, included the thirty-seven precinct captains of the ward, and they had united in indorsing him for alderman.

Brannigan swore loudly on hearing of this unauthorized action, and scattered a long train of minor oaths through the dim and dirty corridors of the municipal edifice as he ploughed his way out toward his own bailiwick. He had the thirty-seven haled before him, and asked them who was running this campaign, anyway?

"Bates is the man," he emitted amongst various sulphurous breathings, "and I'm going to have him nominated."

The thirty-seven acquiesced. They attended the ward convention in force and applauded their leader all through his nominating address, as he spread out his big, fat hands to show how clean they were, and rolled up his eyes to the ceiling to evidence the purity of his aims, his motives, his ambitions. They applauded Jameson Bates, too, whose speech of acceptance was stuffed with reckless promises for the general good (each of which he kept, or tried to), but whose every word and gesture bore an ironical implication that he saw through them and they through him, and that they were all a pack of humbugging rascals together. Yes, Jameson quite carried them away; clearly he was not half so good as they had feared.

Jameson dined at a flashy restaurant of doubtful repute, along with six or eight of the precinct captains. As he was buying cigars for the crowd afterward he noticed a directory lying at the end of the showcase, near the droplight. Almost instinctively his hand sought the volume and began frilling over its leaves in search of the final pages of the R's. "I'm half way there," he thought; "so why shouldn't I do the decent thing and go and thank her?" He pressed another handful of cigars upon his followers and swung aboard a passing car.

Poplar Avenue turned out to be a ramshackle street set higgledy-piggledy with various ugly little edifices, brick and frame. The sidewalks were full of sudden rises, falls and dislocations, and far below, in the midst of the mud, were certain indications that pointed to the possibility of a rotting wooden pavement. No. 783 rose high above its humbler neighbors with a certain pert tinnishness of cornice and bay-window about its front of red brick and white limestone, but Jameson soon saw that each of its four floors was a separate flat. "H'm," he said, considering the whole bare, ugly prospect, "after this I shall never take elms and asphalt for granted."

The door of the third flat was opened by a plain, substantial woman who wore a serviceable black dress and who had her hair drawn smoothly across her temples. "'Mother,' sure enough," said Jameson. "She's all right."

Mother announced that "Maggie" would be in "right away." She put Jameson on a sofa upholstered in a kind of pink and silver brocade and adorned with certain superfluous hangings, danglings and festoonings. Then, with the delicacy of her class, she retired and was seen no more.

Jameson poked at the sofa with an incredulous finger. "Well, I've seen them often enough in the windows of the instalment stores, and now I'm actually sitting on one! Fancy!" Sheraton and Chippendale seemed a long way off. "Never mind that, though," he added.

After some little time—by no means "right away"—Margaret came in. She wore a dress of electric blue, made with a variety of liberal revers, wings, flounces and the like, and trimmed with an abundance of wide braid. She seemed to feel that the effect of her costume was very quiet, refined, ladylike. She herself, however, was just a bit flushed and breathless. Such a call was an event. So was such a dress.

"Well, here I am," said Jameson, rising with cordial abruptness. "You can't keep me down, you see."

"Who *wants* to keep a good man down, I should like to know?"

"I'm glad you think I'm good."

"I never had any doubts about it. I felt it the first time I saw you."

"Oh, come," protested Jameson. "Not too good?"

"No better than you ought to be. Just good enough. Sit down again."

She set him an example by sinking into a big, pudgy easy-chair. She carefully deployed her slim, well-kept fingers over one arm of it.

"Well, didn't I guess right about *you?*" he asked, eying the fingers.

"How do you mean?"

"About the office. Of course I knew you never weighed out nails."

"I should say not. Well, you got through all right?"

"Slick as a whistle. Poor Callahan, though—cut out again."

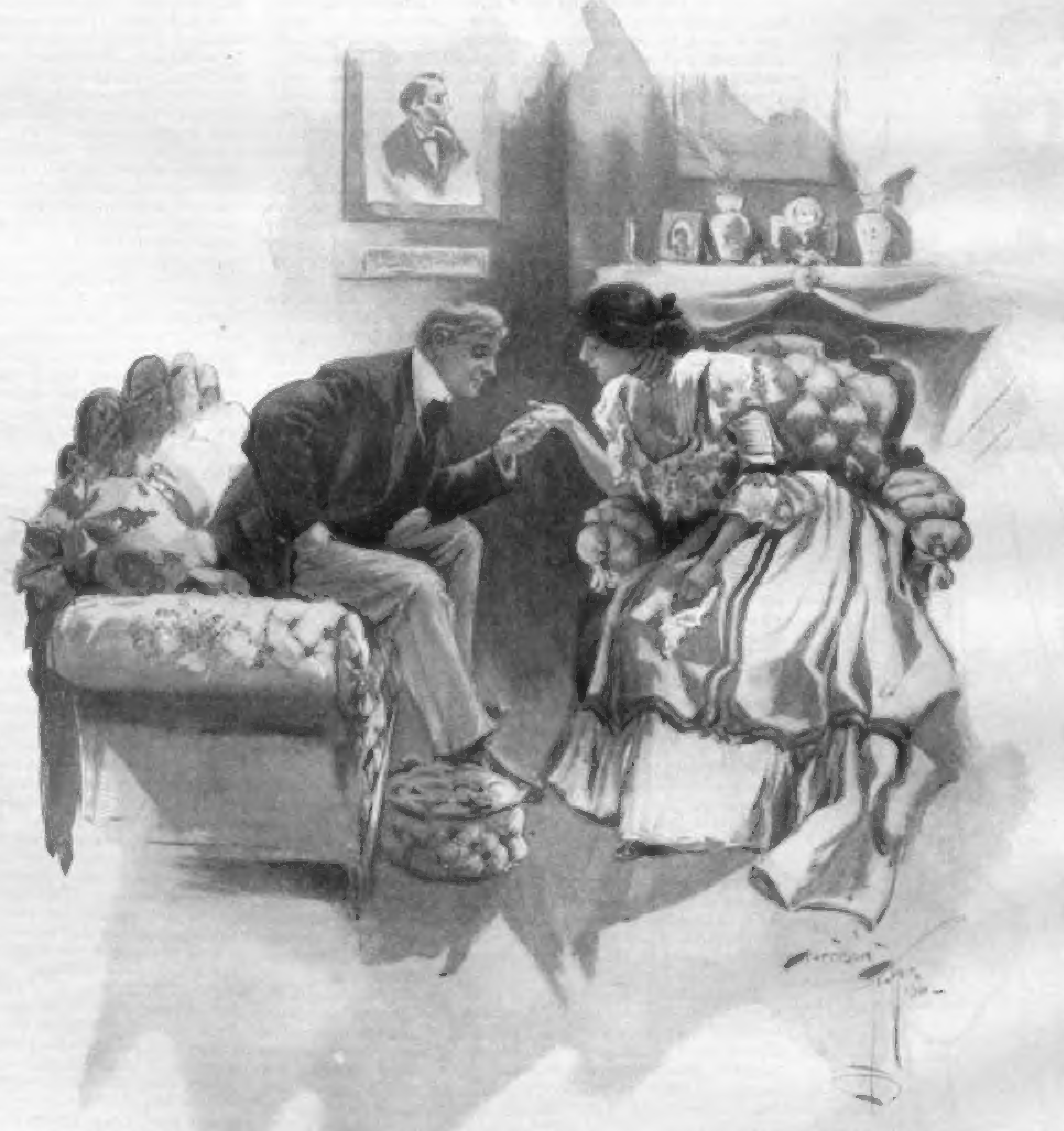
"Don't mention Callahan. He doesn't interest me."

"He did—up to the time of that quadrille."

"Well, maybe; but that's over. I knew it was a go for you," she added.

"You did? How soon?"

"As soon as you came over and asked me to dance. 'A man who can handle things like that,' thought I —— What made you ask me first, anyway?"



"You read all that there?"
"Yes, and a good deal more."
"How long will it take you to read the rest?"
"A lifetime"

"Because you're so dark, I expect. I'm so light myself, you see. I made one mistake, though."

"What was that? Thinking you could waltz by inspiration?"

"No. I thought at first your eyes were black. They're blue."

"Of course they are. Did you want them black?"

"Not on your life! What!—when the pupils are a blue that almost *is* black, and big enough to crowd the iris almost out of sight? And when your eyebrows *are* black, and your eyelashes, too, and your—I don't know what to call them, but I mean that little fringe on the under edge of ——"

"Dear me, you'll know my eyes next time you see them!"

"Certain sure. Tell me truly, are you Irish?"

"Of course I am. Not red Irish, though; black. I got my eyes and my hair from Spain."

"I know; the Dons of the Armada. Tell me: were your forefathers kings?"

"My great-great-great ——"

"Keep it up," said Jameson.

"——great-grandfather *was* king of—oh, laugh, if you want to!"

"I don't. Go ahead."

"And my mother is a lady—even if we *do* live on the wrong side of the tracks."

"So is mine. Don't you suppose I know a lady when I see one?"

"And my father is an honest man—even if he *does* work in the Special Assessment department. It's his principle that's kept him back."

"And is *my* father a scamp? Not much! What if he *has* got five millions?—he made every dollar of them honestly. He may not be one of your hidalgos, but he is one of Nature's noblemen, all the same. Say, are those five millions going to hurt my prospects?"

"Not if you show yourself to the voters."

"I'm going to begin to-morrow. Glad hand all around, and three or four speeches every day for the next month. Don't you think I can do the heart-to-heart act?"

"I should say yes. You can jolly to beat the band."

"Come and hear me."

"I'm going to. Who is it you get it from? Your father?"

"No. Just a gift from Heaven, I guess. Father doesn't talk much. He acts."

"How did he begin?"

"He was a machinist. And my grandfather, my mother's father, was a carpenter. My mother herself ——"

"Yes, do tell me about her."

"—— was a washerwoman."

"Never in the world!"

"So she says. And I'll bet a cent that if she had a little back shed with a bench and a washtub in it ——"

"Look here," cried the girl with a face expressive of limitless admiration and sympathy, "I'm just beginning to understand you."

"Poof!" said Jameson, tossing his head nonchalantly, "I understood *you* from the word go. At the same time," he went on, "she's a queen, just like your great-great-great ——"

"Oh, stop, do," cried Margaret in distress.

"——a 'society' queen, I mean, and a grand old girl any way you put it."

"I'm sure she is. I'd give anything to know her."

"Easy thing, that. She'll call."

"Would she?"

"Sure. I'm her favorite son. My elder brother, Billy—Will-yum, I mean—has turned out something of a prig."

"Would she, truly? But not—not—not because it's politics?"

"Oh, cut politics. You're worth something in yourself, ain't you?"

"I've always hoped so."

"Well, don't call it a hope. Call it a certainty. That would be nearer right."

The girl smiled modestly, deprecatingly, almost appealingly. The amazon of Harmony Hall, no longer under the necessity of enforcing respect in a rough public gathering, was now completely obscured; even the character of a middle-class maiden earnestly parrying the advances of a half-known young millionaire was finally as good as laid aside. "She's a lady, after all—that's what she is," murmured Jameson with conviction; "and I've been about ten times too gay."

Margaret fingered the deplorable trappings of her chair with a fine effect of conscious pensiveness. Jameson studied a crayon portrait overhead, a mild, middle-aged face with a goat's beard—doubtless the just man in the Special Assessment department.

"People might think our talk rather personal," she presently observed.

"Or that we had about talked ourselves out," he rejoined, coming back from the brief silence.

"Have we?"

"Not a bit; we've hardly begun yet. Well, why shouldn't we be personal? Why shouldn't we talk about

(*Continued on Page 14*)

The Orators and Oratory of the Stump

By Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver

THE pulpit, the bar and the stump are the three conspicuous arenas of American oratory. To these may be added a fourth, hardly less conspicuous, the legislative assembly; and a fifth, now grown to notable influence, the political convention. Of these, the last three may properly be used to illustrate the American notion of political eloquence. The stump speech is a borrowed institution in everything except its name, though under that somewhat primitive description it has flourished here more luxuriantly than in its native land. Beginning in the form of an appeal of the candidate to the electors in his own behalf, it has broadened, until it includes all forms of political discussion addressed to the public at large in mass-meeting assembled.

Both here and in other English-speaking countries it has drawn to itself a shade of disrepute, arising in part from the disdain with which a certain class of people look upon politics, and in part from the fact that cheap and unscrupulous arts which would not be tolerated in the church, or even in the court-house, have always felt more or less at home in the furious antagonisms of party strife.

The stump orator has not yet entirely recovered from the influence of Thomas Carlyle's fierce satire printed fifty years ago, a satire which was in itself a tribute to the influence of the hustings; since in order to reach the object of his attack he had to impeach the intelligence of the "two finest nations in the world," and give them up in despair as "having gone away after talk and wind." It is easy to see that this clumsy criticism is only a part of his general complaint against the progress of society—the voice of the old régime recording its malediction against the new era.

The stump has suffered in prestige far more, in our own times, on account of a certain want of seriousness in their work exhibited by the orators themselves. This was illustrated at the end of General Harrison's first campaign, when the speakers who had taken part in it gave themselves a dinner in New York, at which they organized the Spellbinders' Association. They gained the title on account of the interesting uniformity of language in which their speeches were habitually reported in the press. Mr. Evarts, in his argument in defense of Andrew Johnson, said that no speech could be so poor that the newspapers would not describe it as able and eloquent, these being the lowest terms to which friendly reporters could reduce even a worthless discourse. So that the National Committee, finding every speech that was delivered described in prompt letters to the headquarters, and by invariable reports in the local newspapers, as having held the audience spellbound for over two hours, very naturally fell into the way of designating the speakers in words suggested by this phrase. The jest has been perpetuated and has undoubtedly taken away from the stump some of the prestige and dignity with which this form of popular oratory was once clothed.

Another thing has contributed to the decline of stump speaking in popular respect. There was a time when the honor of addressing the people was regarded as a sufficient reward for the time and labor involved. No one expected any other compensation than the good will of the community, finding expression ultimately in a call to the public service. It is a matter for regret that very little of the campaign speaking of to-day finds its recompense in glory either abstract or concrete, but rather in an agreed allowance in the standard coin of the realm. This is unfortunate, for the inquiry which naturally arises in the minds of the audience as to the amount of the speaker's *per diem* obviously interferes with the attitude of mind which induces the eager acceptance of truth. This situation is emphasized when an orator, as in the case of one of the most famous of the present time, appears in one campaign for one party, and in the next for the other. Such a thing gives a look of bloodless attorneyism to the whole business, and puts the audience on its guard against the loss of self-control which is sometimes brought on by the passion of the speaker.

The Mighty Power of the Stump

But notwithstanding all that the stump has to contend with, it still remains, and must always remain, a potent centre of influence. The satire bred in high intellectual atmospheres, which derides it, is aimed at our form of government, at the management of their own affairs by the people themselves, at parliaments and all manner of representative assemblies, at that tremendous revolution which is gradually preparing the whole world for the new order of things; at "the count of heads" as much as at "the clack of tongues." There is room now, and always will be, for the skillful, wise and entertaining discussion of the principles involved in party politics. There is a field, to be sure, and always will be, for triflers, agitators and adventurers of all kinds, but these no longer dominate our public life, even though there may have been periods when they appeared to do so.

Two recent national experiences, one affecting domestic affairs, and one our relations with the outside world, have operated to lift controversial politics to a level noticeably higher than is possible in ordinary times. It cannot be doubted that these questions have made a demand for improved forms of public discussion and given a new and large opportunity to all who are able to meet the demand. It has been the favorite belief of many philosophers that such a government as ours would fail when called upon to manage complex and difficult questions, requiring knowledge, research and calm discretion. The campaign of 1896 presented such a question, and boldly submitted it to the judgment of the whole community. It produced a universal revival of public interest in the stump as a means of popular education. It completed a change which had been going on for many years in the public taste, which has made earlier methods of political speaking obsolete. It substituted reason for noise, information for inspiration, facts and figures for funny stories and flights of the imagination. The rounded periods of the olden time, left over from the Fourth of July, went to pieces under the fire of questions coming, without invitation, from the audience, and the able eloquence of the past took its final place, like rejected manuscripts, in the waste-basket prepared for those things that are not available.

Thither also went the time-honored anecdotes handed down to us by our fathers, worn to a polish by the laughter of many generations; and with them all gross allusions or illustrations, offensive either to piety or delicacy, for the appearance of women in the audience has done much to lessen the distance between the mass-meeting and the lecture platform. This revolution is evidently permanent, and will work to the advantage of every one who seeks to influence the public as a political speaker.

There is no limit to the demand for speakers, and the supply appears to be limited only by the severer tests required by a more enlightened public taste. There was a time when the lawyer furnished practically all the secular eloquence consumed in the country; but the every-day citizen is beginning to find his voice, since nothing is more natural than that an age which desires to learn should be willing to sit at the feet of any one who knows the practical realities of life. The idea is slowly gaining ground that whoever knows anything with thorough accuracy has little difficulty in telling it in a form entirely acceptable. This was illustrated in the recent national campaign, when Senator Hanna, who was sixty years old before he attempted to make a public address, was everywhere accorded a distinction as an orator rarely attained after a lifetime of training.

It is doubtful if the famous Greek orators, "those ancient, whose resistless eloquence," as Milton says, "wielded at will that fierce democratie," ever enjoyed a wilder night than this blunt man of affairs had last November in the midst of the howling multitude which greeted him in the campaign tent which he set up near the stock-yards of Chicago, or ever won a more complete victory by the use of simpler, plainer arts of speech. It may be taken for granted, however, that whoever would deal with the modern American mass-meeting must put into the preparation of his speech time and labor without stint or grudging. The ordinary man who undertakes to do any large amount of his thinking on his feet often finds himself before an audience likely to value its own offhand impressions even more highly than it does his. But this is not altogether a new thing, for all the records of eloquence which Athens and Rome and Westminster have left to us may be used to emphasize the fact that little or nothing worth remembering has ever been spoken in this world without the most painstaking preparation entering into the very language and arrangement of the speech. If that were not so our school children would not be reciting to-day the words of Demosthenes, or Burke, or Webster, as the words would all have perished in their utterance.

The Masters' Fame Based on Hard Work

There are orators who affect to despise the smell of oil and to count it as a superiority that they speak extemporaneously; but such can get little comfort out of the study of the lives and labors of those who have made a permanent impression on the art; and, too, most of them do not tell the truth, but are trying to have credited to their genius what in reality belongs to their labor, forgetting altogether that there is no genius except hard work. There is of course a level of public speaking which does not require an elaborate forecast of words and phrases; indeed, such a thing would be likely to injure the discourse; and, in that case, a complete knowledge of the subject is vastly more important than an arrangement of set phrases. But where the end aimed at is one which involves the sensibilities, the prejudices, the hopes or the fears of men, as in the peroration of Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne, or in Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural, a subtle skill is involved which does not come within the reach of faculties hurried and worn in the actual delivery of the speech. Before the youthful aspirant to oratorical honors is misled into supposing that those portions of great speeches which live in the literature of popular eloquence were the spontaneous outburst of natural talents acting in the heat of the moment, it might be well for him to examine facsimiles of the original manuscripts with their curious erasures and interlineations.

The stump has been the last field of oratory to submit to the exactions of toil and care and unremitting attention to details. This has been partly the fault of the public, which has allowed itself to be imposed upon by patiently receiving all sorts and conditions of speeches. The schoolhouse and the newspaper have gone far to restore even the remote rural districts to their natural rights in these matters. Charles James Fox once said that however humble his audience he always felt that it was his duty to do his best. That course was a good thing for the audience and undoubtedly a good thing for the orator, for in no art is it ever safe for a man to fall below the best that is in him.

The time has come in the United States when no community is so remote that it does not demand a high order of public speaking, and there are few experienced stump speakers who do not appreciate the advantages of coming in contact with the vitality and eager intelligence which are found even in secluded and unpretentious villages. The stump speaker of to-day has a good many competitors, and it behooves him to bring to his audience fresh knowledge, or at least the old familiar knowledge dressed up so that its friends will be glad to renew its acquaintance.

The Influence of Printing on Oratory

It was at one time thought that the art of printing had made away with the art of speaking. Macaulay, in a fragmentary essay on the Athenian orators, says that "the effect of the great freedom of the press in England has been in a great measure to destroy this art and to leave among us little of what I call oratory proper. Our legislators, our candidates, on great occasions even our advocates, address themselves less to the audience than to the reporters. They think less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers." This was written more than half a century ago, and though there is some force in it, it evidently overstates the hostile influence of the newspaper against the public speaker. In the first place, very few speeches are printed. The Congressional Record alone among current periodicals prints all the speeches which are given to it; in truth, it breaks all bounds of generosity in saving the House of Representatives from the necessity of hearing speeches, by printing them whether they are delivered or not.

Emphasizing Truths that are Known

There is nothing in the fact that a speech is printed in the newspapers to lead a wise man to lower the standard of his art in presenting it to an audience. The influence which the press has had on oratory lies in another direction. The enterprise of the modern newspaper tends to exhaust subjects, to saturate the public with knowledge of the things about which the orator is to speak, taking away from him the interest which attaches to novelty and exclusive information. It is easy to see that all this has tended to kill certain kinds of oratory, and to put under a high pressure all who seek to influence the public thought, that they may present common forms of knowledge in such a way as to hold the attention and impress the judgment of those who hear.

Indeed some, with strange perversity, have claimed that the highest attainment of the orator possible in these days is to deal with the convictions of the audience in such a way as to emphasize the truth already in their minds. Such was the achievement of Mr. Bryan at Chicago. He stated no new facts, the body of his discourse being taken almost verbatim from speeches which he had been delivering in various parts of the country for the space of two years. There was nothing in what he said to convert anybody to the views which he was defending, and in fact he converted nobody to those views. But he did a thing even more remarkable; he converted everybody that held those views to him, in such a way that they have taken a special interest in him ever since. He found an audience already of his way of thinking, though when he took the floor the majority of the convention were in despair because nobody had been able to make an intelligible statement of his opinions in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard. At last this young man got the opportunity which he went there to seek. He had the look of an athlete as he stood up in that tumultuous assembly. His voice was strong and musical and he had learned how to use it. It reached the extreme limit of the amphitheatre, and as he spoke he made every inflection count; so that while he did not add an idea to the sum of knowledge and added but few striking phrases to the familiar vocabulary of the discussion, it gradually dawned upon the convention that they had found in him their appointed leader in the great controversy upon which they were about to enter. Yet his whole art consisted in summarizing the prejudices and convictions of the convention audibly, so that they could be heard and understood.

The Field for the Orators of the Future

There need be no fear that the spoken word will ever lose its power to influence the world. The newspaper will have no more potency in abolishing the political speech than the Tract Society will have in diminishing the importance of the preacher. It may change, and in fact already has changed, not only the taste of the audience but the style of the orator. And the opinion is ventured here that in both cases the alteration has been for the better. It may be that the higher powers of the orator, like the higher ranges of poetry, come in such close touch with the world of the imagination that they are more native to primitive stages in the growth of culture than to money-making industrial ages.

Politics sometimes gets into a rut when old questions are worn out and new ones not yet ready to run the gauntlet of discussion. In such periods speech-making, in Congress and out, is prone to become either visionary or commonplace. But when times of national trial come, or when problems arise which deal with the sources of prosperity, neither orators nor audiences are likely to be wanting. The themes created by such exigencies are in themselves noble and commanding. They make American public life at once a field of usefulness and an opportunity for distinction. Such a field ought to be guarded against the intrusion of mercenary motives and unworthy ambitions. Whoever enters it is under a high obligation to speak the truth. Even the bitterest contests that are waged upon it are not without their value, since it is in the dust of controversy that the true relation of things is most perfectly discerned.

Free Speech a Bulwark of Liberty

The candidate standing before the people seeking a commission to act in their behalf is not a figure to be despised. He stands for our form of government at the very sources of the authority by which the nation itself acts. Wherever speech is free, liberty is safe. The democracy of England and America is no fierce mob, bewildered by the babble of tongues or the scribble of pens. It is an eager citizenship, anxious for the national welfare, having within it a tribunal of reason and conscience before which all causes are to be heard, and from which must emanate the final judgments which direct the progress of mankind. While that tribunal stands, the stump orator—whether he be a country lawyer, speaking to a handful in the district schoolhouse, or an ex-President of the United States, in Carnegie Hall, defending the national integrity in words that will be carried by the press to the attention of millions—ought not to be disparaged in any sane estimate of the forces which control the national life.

From the Life of a Singer

By William Armstrong

THIS is the story of a famous woman, a singer, who regarded first the claims of motherhood and only afterward those of the career which absorbed every other feeling than that one which was paramount.

Every day we hear of men who have gained distinction in this or that branch of art struggling under family cares and responsibilities, but of women achieving success under the same conditions we hear less. With a woman, the struggle in this direction is a more difficult and unequal one. Consequently, if she succeeds, her success demonstrates a correspondingly greater strength.

The name of Madame Schumann-Heink has become familiar through the fame she has won in opera and concert. The daughter of an Austrian army officer, she left the convent on completing the course of study, and at the age of seventeen signed to sing at the Dresden Court Opera. After three years trouble came into her life and ended only with the dissolution of an unfortunate union. Meanwhile, she had signed a contract with the Hamburg Opera.

For six years she sang the smallest rôles there. With her little children dependent upon her, she accepted the situation because it meant bread for them. When she had cooked their suppers and tucked them in bed she left for the Opera to sing her parts. Her studying was done to the accompaniment of a worn piano and in the midst of household duties. It was not merely the studying of the minor rôles that she had to sing, but of the greater ones which she had determined to make her own.

One day a singer came to Hamburg to sing Amneris in Verdi's Aida; she sang abominably. In those days Madame Heink (for that was then her name) was singing such small parts as Mercedes in Carmen.

Plucking up courage she wrote to Pollini, the manager, begging him to give her an opportunity to sing in larger rôles. His reply was: "Dear Child: A first contralto you will never be: a comic contralto you can be, if I so will it."

"And I will show you that I can be a great artist," Madame Heink said to herself, and went on with her cooking and studying, and the tucking of her babies in bed, each evening, before she faced the footlights. Finally, Madame Klafsky, the dramatic soprano, came to Hamburg and exclaimed at the injustice of the situation and Pollini's short-sightedness. Firm in the knowledge of her colleague's ability, she spoke to the manager of Kroll's, in Berlin, where many eminent artists were then singing.

An opportunity came during the summer holidays, the only time that Madame Heink was free to sing elsewhere than at Hamburg. It was on the occasion of the manager's benefit: her railway journey was to be paid, but beyond that it was to be a complimentary proceeding. The rôle was Azucena, in Verdi's Trovatore. A difficulty had to be faced. The ticket to Berlin, third class, would cost a sum equivalent to $4.87. Salaries had ceased with the closing of the Hamburg Opera. Knowing that the sum would be made good to her in Berlin, she confided the situation to a neighbor, and the ticket was forthcoming. The same neighbor took the babies into her own home and tucked them in bed, and their mother went out to face a strange audience and the critics of the capital with only her own confidence and that of Madame Klafsky to sustain her. All night long she traveled sitting bolt upright on the unyielding wooden benches of the German third-class carriage.

When she arrived in Berlin it was dawn. The rehearsal was to take place at ten o'clock. A hotel was out of the question. To the Thier Garten the singer went, and sat under the trees as the pink clouds faded to white and the day sprang up that was to witness her fate as a singer in the capital. At rehearsal the situation was frankly explained, and hotel accommodations were arranged for by the manager.

The night following the long ride on wooden benches saw her successful in the rôle of Azucena, in Berlin. From that moment on it was well—in Berlin. The next summer she was engaged to sing there as Fides, Orfeo, Azucena, and in the range of the greater rôles that she had been studying. Her success was notable. Still Pollini held to his ignorance and refused her any but the smallest rôles at the Hamburg Opera, and it was at the Hamburg Opera that she was under contract.

One day a singer failed to appear, and as there was no way out of it but to change the bill or ask Madame Heink to sing Carmen, Pollini chose the latter. A German audience does not take kindly to a change of bill.

She had never studied Carmen, but she had heard the music times innumerable, and without study or rehearsal she sang it, as she declares, by ear and with all the mistakes of the Carmens she had listened to. Her success was a convincing one. "Have you the courage to sing Fides on a day's notice?" asked Pollini. Berlin seemed not on his map.

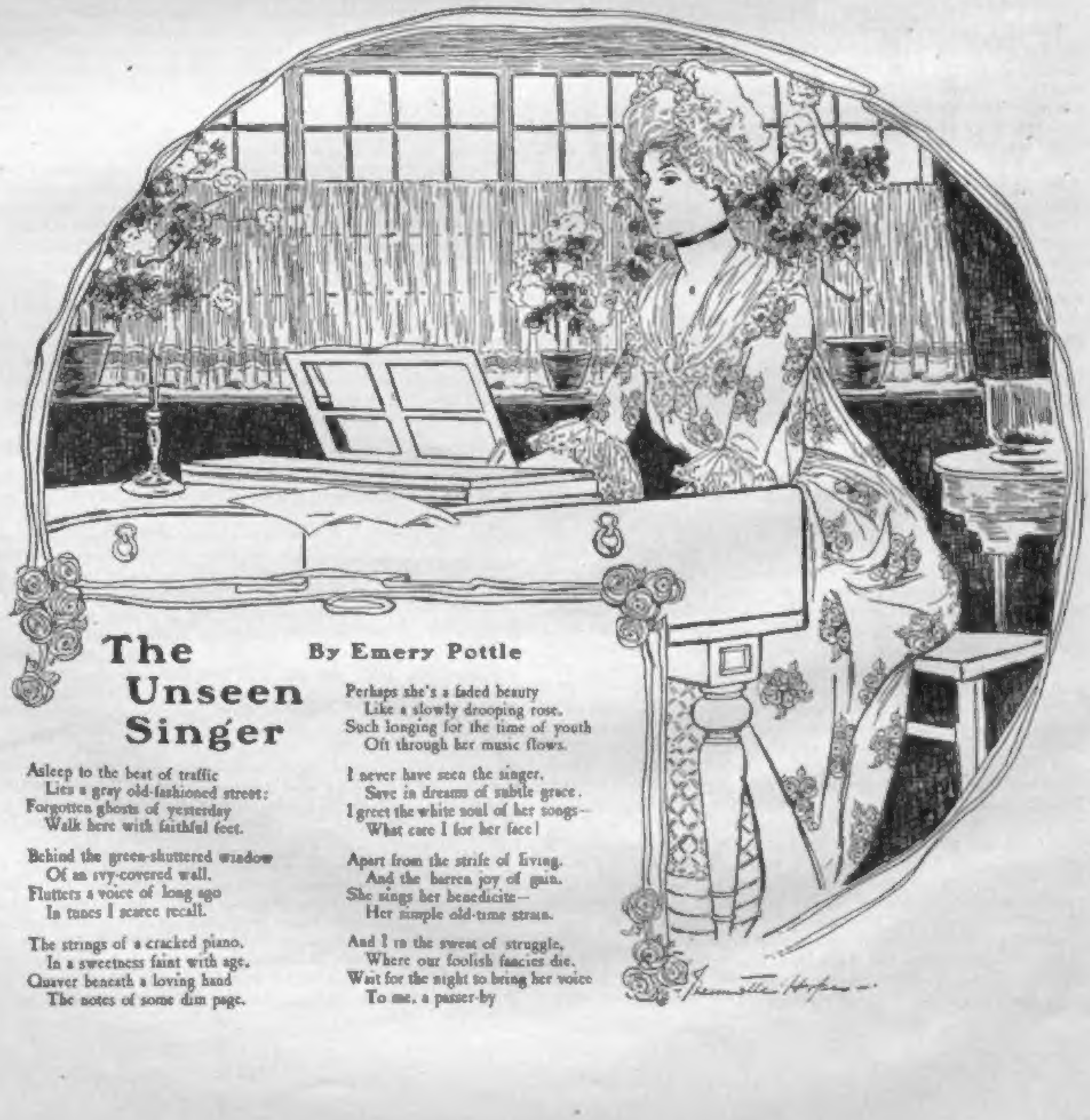
Of course she accepted, and, as she expressed it, "After that my luck was made."

Later came her benefit; and her father, Major Roessler, sat in a box with Pollini, who came behind the scenes and begged her forgiveness for the injustice that he had done her. Contracts were an easy matter after that, and the way of art a smoother one.

Subsequently came the second marriage, a most happy one, with the actor Paul Schumann, who has been her able teacher and adviser in artistic matters.

The rest of the story needs no telling, for the old, fairy-tale ending, "And lived happy ever after," will be quite sufficient.

One episode Madame Schumann-Heink holds among her dearest recollections—that of the night when she sang in Brahms' Rhapsody with the chorus at Hamburg, when Von Bülow and the composer led her out, and when, before the audience, Brahms took the one hand and gallantly kissed it, and Von Bülow the other.



The Unseen Singer

By Emery Pottle

Asleep to the beat of traffic
Lies a gray old-fashioned street:
Forgotten ghosts of yesterday
Walk here with faithful feet.

Behind the green-shuttered window
Of an ivy-covered wall,
Flutters a voice of long ago
In tunes I scarce recall.

The strings of a cracked piano,
In a sweetness faint with age,
Quaver beneath a loving hand
The notes of some dim page.

Perhaps she's a faded beauty
Like a slowly drooping rose.
Such longing for the time of youth
Oft through her music flows.

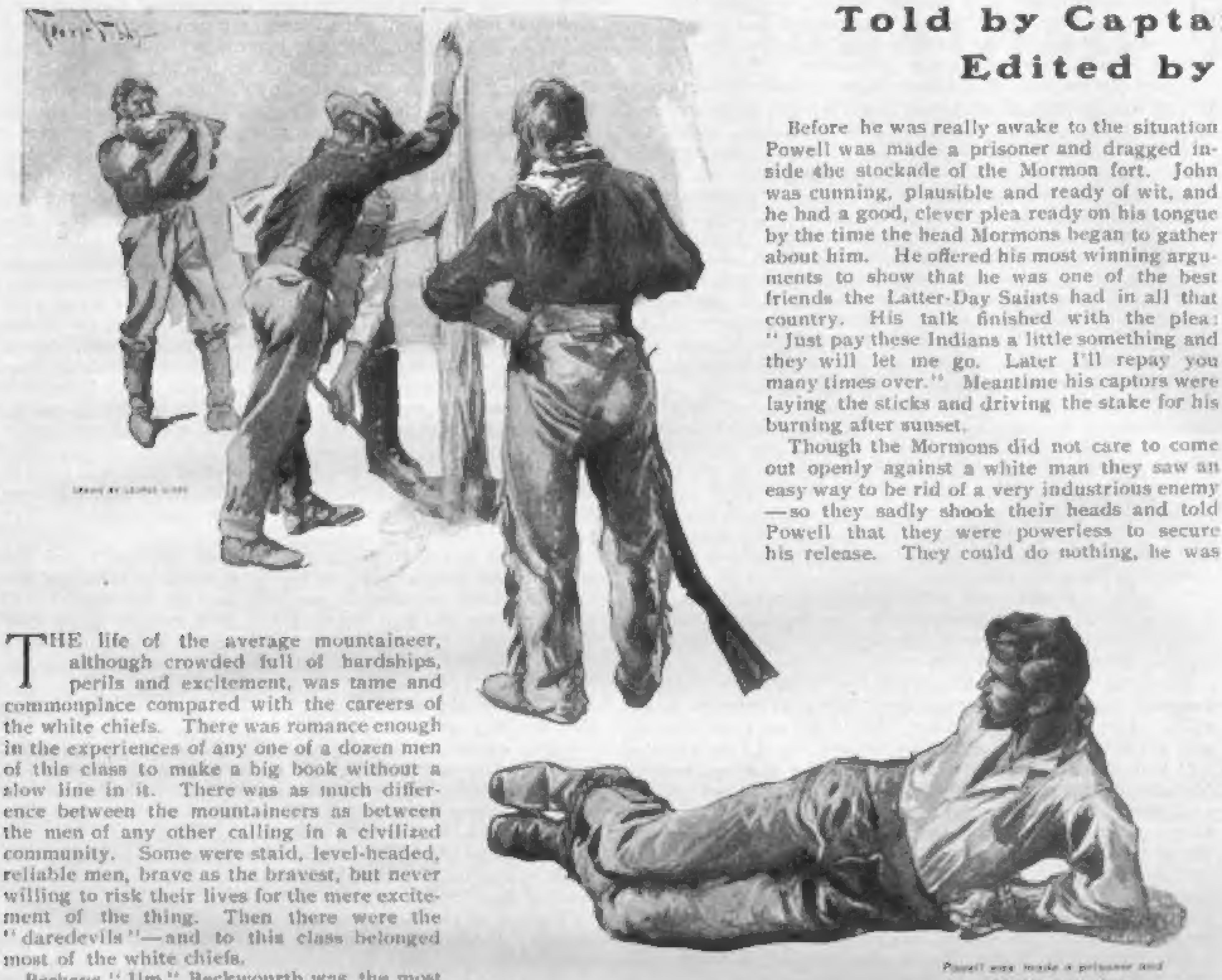
I never have seen the singer,
Save in dreams of subtle grace.
I greet the white soul of her songs—
What care I for her face!

Apart from the strife of living,
And the barren joy of gain,
She sings her benedicite—
Her simple old-time strain.

And I in the sweat of struggle,
Where our foolish fancies die,
Wait for the night to bring her voice
To me, a passer-by

White Chiefs and Indian Traders

Told by Captain John J. Healy and Edited by Forrest Crissey



Powell was made a prisoner and dragged inside the stockade

THE life of the average mountaineer, although crowded full of hardships, perils and excitement, was tame and commonplace compared with the careers of the white chiefs. There was romance enough in the experiences of any one of a dozen men of this class to make a big book without a slow line in it. There was as much difference between the mountaineers as between the men of any other calling in a civilized community. Some were staid, level-headed, reliable men, brave as the bravest, but never willing to risk their lives for the mere excitement of the thing. Then there were the "daredevils"—and to this class belonged most of the white chiefs.

Perhaps "Jim" Beckwourth was the most celebrated of these, but he was not so good a type of his class, to my notion, as was John Powell. Beckwourth may have obtained more power in the Crow nation than Powell did among the Bannocks, but the white chief of the Crows had negro blood in him, and was not so far removed at the start from the wild and savage life in which he was to gain such prominence as was the educated Virginian.

Powell's father was Governor of Virginia, and John had all the advantages that naturally fell in the way of a blood-aristocrat in the first State of the Union. But there was a strain in young Powell's blood that made him sniff the prairies from afar and turn his back on the luxurious life of a Virginia gentleman at the first opportunity. That chance came when Governor Stevens came across the plains to spy out the land for the first transcontinental railroad line. John secured a place on the Governor's staff and left the East forever. I think Major Black, Fred Burr, Stewart and Tom Adams all came out with Powell. They were bright young fellows and the wild life of the plains captivated them. When they reached the great buffalo range, Powell, Burr and Stewart said, "This is the place and the life for us." They broke away from their companions, cast their lot with the Indians, and fell into the roving life of the plains as easily as they would have gone into politics and society had they remained in the East. And the same qualities that would have made John Powell a leader in politics pushed him ahead with his adopted people. He had dash, shrewdness and energy, and was always ready to lead wherever he asked his friends—white or red—to follow.

When I came across Powell, in the region about Fort Ross, in 1858, he had been a good thorough-bred Indian for about three years, and had been made a chief of the Bannocks. And there was at least one class of white settlers in that country who hated him as badly as they did any Indian on the plains. The Mormons had come to regard this white chief as a dangerous thorn in the flesh. His band grew fat and prosperous on the herds of cattle and horses raided from Mormon trains and settlements. As the Mormons were a thrifty people, they afforded a tempting and convenient field for forage which Powell did not neglect. But finally he had to square accounts with his white friends who had raised so many fat cattle and good horses for his use!

The followers of Brigham Young attempted to spread over considerable territory in those days and to "possess the land" in a very enterprising and comprehensive way. They had even gone as far as the head of the Salmon River, where they had put up a fine adobe fort and started a settlement. Powell and his band had gone over into that region on a hunting and horse-stealing expedition—ready to pick up anything on the hoof that came in his way, whether it belonged to an Indian camp or a Mormon mission. This is only another way of saying that he was out on the warpath, for the moment a camp's horses are stolen fighting begins, if the thieves are not bright and lucky enough to get away with the plunder before the alarm becomes general. Not far from the adobe fort the prowling Bannocks got into a hot fight with a band of Indians that happened to be very friendly with the Mormons.

Before he was really awake to the situation Powell was made a prisoner and dragged inside the stockade of the Mormon fort. John was cunning, plausible and ready of wit, and he had a good, clever plea ready on his tongue by the time the head Mormons began to gather about him. He offered his most winning arguments to show that he was one of the best friends the Latter-Day Saints had in all that country. His talk finished with the plea: "Just pay these Indians a little something and they will let me go. Later I'll repay you many times over." Meantime his captors were laying the sticks and driving the stake for his burning after sunset.

Though the Mormons did not care to come out openly against a white man they saw an easy way to be rid of a very industrious enemy—so they sadly shook their heads and told Powell that they were powerless to secure his release. They could do nothing, he was assured, and he was consequently set to the cheerful job of watching the preparations for his own roasting.

A man with less nerve would have given himself up to gloomy speculations under such circumstances—but not Powell! He had other business on hand. As the stockade was fully fifteen feet high, his captors had not bound him so stoutly as they would have done had he been out in the open. The Bannocks looked up to him as a little god, and he felt sure his followers were still hiding about outside the fort waiting for an opportunity to make a dash or do something to set him free. But the fort was too strong to be stormed, and it was plain that he must get outside at once or go to the stake.

His captors were at their busiest, and most of them were inside the adobe quarters when Powell suddenly sprang to his feet and disappeared up a lodge pole that had been leaned against the stockade on the inside. He was small of stature and lithe as a cat—and no cat ever made better time in front of a dog than Johnny did in getting up that lodge pole!

Before the Indians were alive to what had happened Powell leaped from the top of that stockade and made tracks for the willows that fringed the river a short distance in front of the fort. Just as he reached cover the gates of the fort flew open and a yelling band, furious with disappointment, rushed out. When within close range of the willows they were cut into with a fire that made them cringe and turn for the shelter of the stockade. Then it was Johnny Powell's turn, and he knew it! He sent for reinforcements and laid siege to that place in a way that was terrible. Every tree and bush had a Bannock warrior behind it ready to pick off the first Indian or Mormon that showed his head outside the fort.

Revenge for the Attempt to Burn Powell

Powell was clearly determined to have a terrible revenge on his enemies. They had made ready to roast him to slow music, and now he proposed to kill every man, whether red or white, that the fort contained. When the tongues of the Mormons began to hang out for the lack of water they more than once attempted to make a bold dash and get a runner through the lines. But these sorties were met with a shower of balls, and the Bannocks scarcely missed a shot, for they were fine marksmen and had the advantage of shooting from the ground while screened by the thick growth of willows. At last, however, the besieged party managed to get a runner through the circle of Bannocks, and this courier ran a terrible gauntlet and finally reached the stronghold of the Mormons. The history of that ride would be a great story, but I was never able to get the particulars of it.

A strong relief party was sent out and reached the old adobe fort in time to save most of the inmates—although a large number had been brought down by Powell's band. That experience ended the Mormons' branch settlement and the fort was at once and permanently abandoned. In retaliation for the siege the Mormons put a big price on Powell's head, and his scalp was in better demand than that of any other mountaineer in the country. But he lived to harass them for many years and his name was a terror to all the saints of the Latter-Day Church.

Like most men of his sort, John Powell came to a violent death. After a long and romantic career as a Bannock chief he drifted back into semi-civilized ways as the country became more settled. He became celebrated as a gambler and was shot in a brawl over a gaming-table.

Another daredevil of the Powell stamp was Harvey the Trader. His Christian name has escaped me for the moment—the mountaineers almost invariably called each other by their family names—but the details of one of Harvey's liveliest adventures are fresh and vivid in my recollection. That episode not only goes to show the desperate bravery of the man, but it also illustrates the important point that a mountaineer was constantly thrown into situations of the most perilous kind from which he could hope to save his property or his life, or both, only by the exercise of ready wit and unflinching courage.

Harvey was a man of this kind. He feared no man, and was a terror to both Indians and whites. It was sure to go hard with the man who attempted to get the better of him in trade or who aroused his terrific temper.

At the time of which I speak Harvey had established a prosperous trading-post in the Brule Bottom, only a little way below Fort Benton. He had a good house there and seemed to be driving a prosperous trade with the Sioux and other tribes. The Indians who came to his post were, generally speaking, headstrong, bold and hard to keep within bounds. No situation could have been more to Harvey's liking than this, for he loved excitement and became restless when things were too quiet and peaceful.

In those days it was not customary for the chief of a post to go into the trading-room and personally attend to the details of barter. His position was considered more like that of commandant of a military post, and he was looked up to as a man of no little dignity, charged with the general direction and oversight of affairs. He was supposed to keep a sharp eye on all that went on in the post. His most important duties were of what might be called a diplomatic nature. He did the honors when the post was visited by important chiefs, and he was frequently called upon to patch up quarrels and misunderstandings between different bands of Indians, between Indians and whites, and between factions of the mountaineers.

To keep up a proper show of dignity and to give his attention only to matters of real moment, the chief of the post spent little time in the trading-room, but held his men to a strict account for all the goods taken from the general stores and carried into the room where the bartering was done.

How Indian Braves Looted Harvey's Stock

One day, when Harvey was in the fort busy with other affairs, a lively lot of young bucks came into the trading-room and pretended they wished to "make heap trade." But they did more talking than trading and were as hard to please as a Chicago bargain hunter. Perhaps they may have had a little firewater to help on their bad humor, but it is certain that they were soon involved in a wrangle with the trader. This often occurred, and it was part of the trader's business to smooth down the ruffled feelings of his customer and keep peace, while driving a bargain that would win the approval of the head of the post. Although Harvey's man used the best diplomacy he could command, the bucks refused to be appeased, and suddenly there was a scramble in which the trader cut a small and helpless figure.

The bucks leaped over the counter, and in less time than it takes to stampede a bunch of horses that store was absolutely gutted of its goods. Before the news reached Harvey the bucks were on the backs of their horses, whooping with joy and waving with triumph the blankets, the bolts of red cloth and the other booty they had secured. It was the biggest scrape they had put up in many a day, and they entered into it like a lot of college boys out on a regular rampage. While the motive of plunder was no doubt the main one, there was nothing to show that the raid was planned and organized from the start.

The effect, however, was the same as if it had been a deep-laid plot. They had made away with several hundred dollars' worth of goods belonging to Harvey. What was still more important, they had shown to the Indians of that region that a raid of this kind could be put through without the loss of a scalp. This was the most serious phase of the episode.

When Harvey heard of it he shut his teeth together, and the men who knew him best around the post said nothing to him and kept well out of his way. They didn't wish to interrupt the steady course of his thoughts. Next morning Harvey took a large quantity of tobacco from the storehouse and divided it between himself and two or three of his best men. Then they rode away to the camps of the leading bands and presented the tobacco to the chiefs and the principal men, inviting them to gather for council at the post the day following.

Without an exception the invitation was accepted, and the Indians that rode into Harvey's post the next day were the pick of that whole region. During the day they smoked and feasted at Harvey's expense. He set before them the best he had in the storehouse, and the big men were greatly pleased at this show of hospitality. Of course they knew the object of the council was to talk over the loss of his goods, and as Harvey did not assume that the gathering was for any other purpose the Indians had no suspicions, and believed that a little talk would straighten out the trouble and still leave the plunder in the hands of their bucks. Leave it to a handsome and wise old chief to make a plea that will put to shame the eloquence of the best talker that ever addressed a jury or a political meeting! And no one knows this better than the chiefs themselves! In this case, as in many others, the big talkers were depended upon to smooth things out with their eloquence, while all enjoyed the feast and didn't worry about results

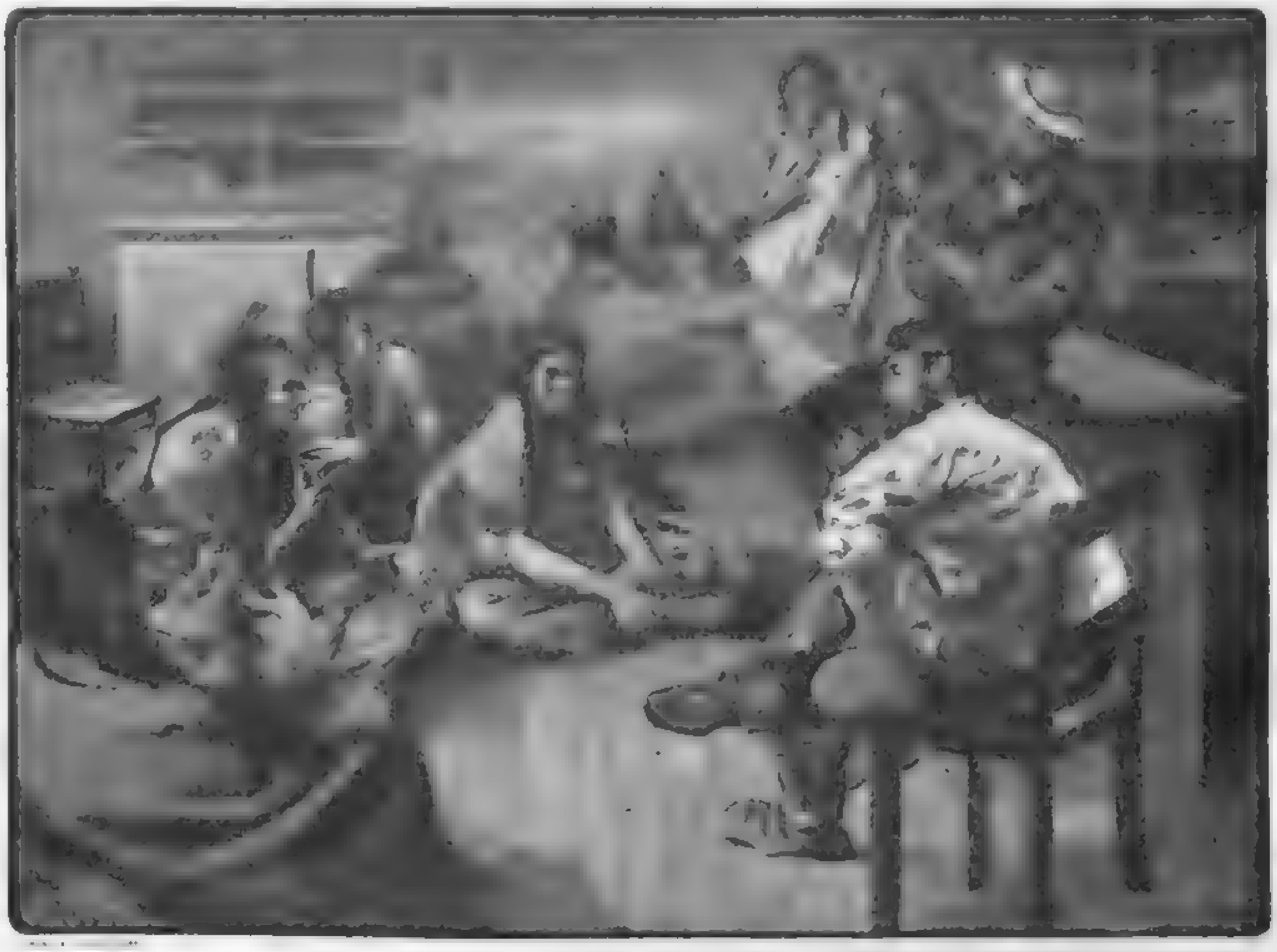
The council was held in a large room upstairs, and when Harvey called up the disagreeable subject of the raid the most influential men of the tribe made talks in which they expressed their profound regret for what had happened

How the Old Chiefs Faced Certain Death

"Young men are foolish," said these orators; "their hands outrun their thoughts; they behave like children and will not listen to the words of the old men who have learned wisdom! What can we do? They will not hear us; they are young and foolish; we cannot control them. We are sorry, but we can do nothing with them!"

"And you can't get them to return the goods?" inquired Harvey, when the chiefs had done talking. They shook their heads doubtfully, and repeated the statement that they could do nothing with their young men. The trader seemed very much disheartened at this announcement, but took the matter quietly, as if accepting the situation with disappointment but with a determination to make the best of it under the circumstances. The chiefs were feeling good over the outcome of the affair. Their young men had done a daring thing—had raided a trading-post of rich booty and escaped without the loss of a scalp. The trader had given them gifts of tobacco and feasted them in the hope that they would be induced to discipline their frisky young bucks and compel the return of the stolen goods But what was the result? By their own strong talk they had put dust in the eyes of the trader and had outwitted him by their crooked tongues. This was the way it looked to the chiefs, and they fairly swelled with satisfaction like so many toads

Finally, as the smoke grew thicker and the chiefs were more certain that they had completely won the day, Harvey said to two old chiefs sitting near him: "Come downstairs; I've got something to show you." With visions of large casks of firewater filling their eyes they passed out of the room in front of Harvey and did not notice that he slyly turned the key which, with the lock, had been specially greased for the occasion. They waited for him at the bottom of the stairs and he showed them into a room that was partially dark. Then he lighted a candle, turned the key and pocketed it, and made his talk. At the other end of the room were numerous barrels and kegs, some of them standing on end with their heads knocked in



During the day they smoked and feasted at Harvey's expense

The light of the candle was pale, but it was bright enough to show the two old chiefs the trap into which they had been led by the desperate trader. They were in the powder magazine; the great men of their tribe were in the room directly above their heads, and Harvey had drawn his six-shooter and aimed it at one of the open kegs! This almost brought those two chiefs to their knees. Although a captured warrior would scorn to ask the slightest mercy from his enemy and would go to the stake without the quiver of a muscle, he would ask quarter of a white man under certain circumstances which would spare him the disgrace of being branded a coward

No Indian could have had greater temptation than these chiefs to appeal to the mercy of the man they had attempted to outwit. Holding his revolver only a few feet from the mouth of the open powder keg, Harvey said

"When the day comes that your young men can rob me of my cloth, of my guns and my blankets, and when your old men will only laugh at them and at me, then I want to die! I cannot look into the faces of my white brothers! My heart is bad, and I am ready to die before they come to laugh at me as you have done! I have brought you here so that we may die together—you and your great men who are sitting at the council on the floor above us! Now, sing your death song! We will die together!'

"Come to our camp," quickly urged the two old chiefs "and we will give back everything our foolish young men took from your trading room. Nothing shall be kept back.'

"But you have all told me you could do nothing with your young men," returned Harvey; "that they would not listen to the great men of the tribe, and that they would follow only their own will and not obey the words of their fathers!'

"Yes," argued the chiefs; "our tongues were not crooked when we told you this; but our young men will become obedient and humble when they learn that their folly almost cost the lives of the great men of the tribe. They will run to give back that which they took in their haste and their foolishness. They love the old men and the great warriors and will do all we ask to save us from danger Come with us to the camp and receive the things by your own hand. We have promised and we will do it!

Harvey knew his men and was willing enough to accept their solemn pledge, but he saw his diplomatic advantage and determined to make the most of it Shaking his head dolefully and stepping a pace nearer the open powder cask he exclaimed: "No! I am ready to die, for my white brothers are already laughing at the shame which your young braves have put upon me! I cannot look into their eyes and when my back is turned I hear them laugh. Why should I wish to live when I cannot walk among my own people with my eyes lifted from the ground? Sing your death song, for we must die'

Coming from some men this talk would have had little effect, but it carried full weight under the circumstances, for the old chiefs knew Harvey to be a desperate and a proud man who would hesitate at nothing in putting into execution any impulse that came to him in a moment of great excitement. What better proof of his reckless intentions could they ask than he was giving them that very instant in entering a powder magazine, with several kegs and casks open, and striking a light there? Only a daredevil of the most desperate type would have the nerve for that

Watching the Pistol and the Powder Kegs

Believing that Harvey was equal to anything, the chiefs were naturally ready to make any terms that would save themselves and all the big men of their tribe from being instantly blown into atoms They watched the candle and the pistol with nervous anxiety, and were in a desperate hurry to get out of the magazine before either accident or intention should result in setting off the stores of powder and sending them all into eternity.

"How many horses and how many robes does our white brother ask to take away his shame in the eyes of his people?" eagerly inquired the old chiefs. This was what Harvey had been leading up to, and the price he put on his injured dignity was a good stiff one, for he was determined to teach the Indians a lesson they would never forget, and at the same time to get all out of his opportunity that could be had. His price was instantly accepted, but Harvey did not stir until the chiefs had pledged themselves, by all that they considered sacred, to carry out the agreement. Then the trader stuck his six-shooter into his holster and said.

"I will give you until another sundown to bring to the trading-post the goods your young men took from me, together with the robes and the horses that are to make good the shame I have suffered. Now you may go—you and all your big men with you' '

He then unlocked the door, stepped aside, held up the candle and permitted the two head chiefs to pass out of the powder magazine. Their relief at once more regaining their freedom was too great for even an Indian chief to conceal. Harvey led the way upstairs, unlocked the door of the council room, and allowed the two old men to go in and break the news of their danger and deliverance to the big men who had been smoking in blissful ignorance of their peril and indulging in occasional grunts of satisfaction at the smart trick their young bucks had played and the manner in which they had themselves talked away the trouble. But not a single objection was raised to the agreement which the two old men had made with Harvey. Solemnly the chiefs and great warriors arose from the council circle which they had formed on the floor, filed out of the post, leaped upon their horses and disappeared like shadows

The Stolen Goods are Recovered

Before the sun went down next day every article of which Harvey had been robbed, and all the robes and horses he had demanded in satisfaction of his disgrace, were there at the post, brought by a crestfallen and sheepish lot of bucks

It may be asked why Harvey did not hold at least part of the chiefs as hostages—keeping them where he could blow them up provided the others failed to show up with the goods or made trouble of any kind. Under some circumstances this might have been good policy, but in this case it was not necessary, for Harvey knew that the chiefs who had made the pledge were men of their word and that they had sufficient influence to carry out the terms of their agreement. Then he did not lose sight of the fact that he must continue to have the trade of these Indians, and that this show of confidence in the word of their chiefs would help to restore good feeling without destroying the effect of the lesson he was teaching

There is nothing an Indian so much respects as daredevil bravery—a quality that is not possessed by every good warrior. The brave that will fight with wonderful endurance when he has a chance for an ambush will often stand a great deal of humiliation rather than fight in the open. But they admire the nerve of the white man who is ready to defend his rights in an open encounter

One of the things which made Harvey so much respected by the Indians was a little affair he had with Mountain Chief, a leader of the Piegans. This chief was a magnificent specimen of his race and a fighter of great spirit. Now the greatest insult an Indian could offer a white man was to dance on the roof of the latter's cabin or post Not to resent a demonstration of this kind with force was to win the contempt of all the real mountaineers. No man able to defend himself would submit to that humiliation

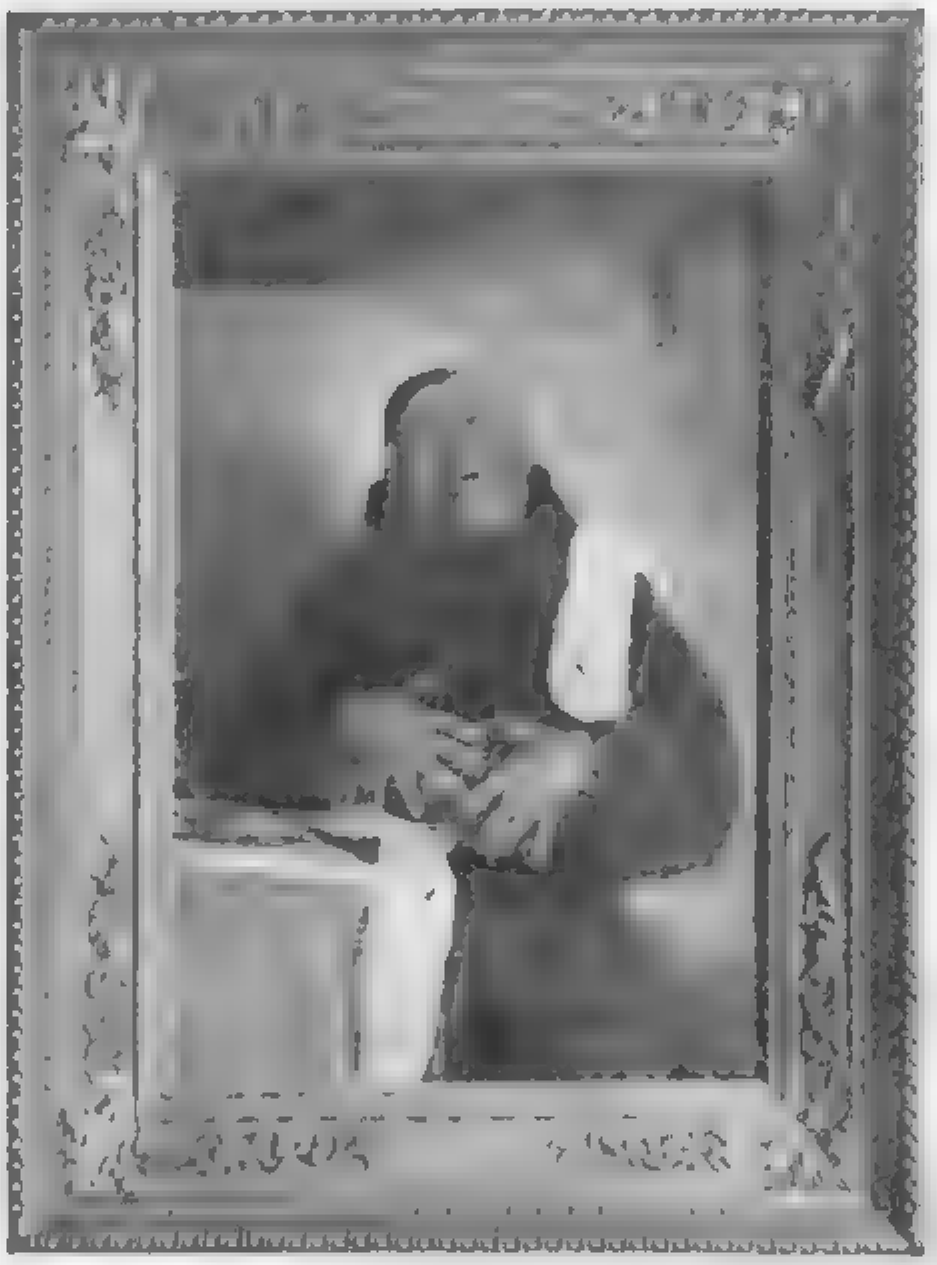
One day Mountain Chief came to Harvey's post and began to get ugly over some matter that came up between himself and the trader. Knowing his own power he determined to heap insults upon Harvey's head. After Mountain Chief had been missed for a few moments Harvey heard a great powwow on the roof. Not waiting to take a gun, he went outside and saw the chief of the Piegans doing a most artistic dance all over the roof of the building.

Close at hand was a pile of wood and from it Harvey drew a short, heavy cudgel about the diameter of a broomstick Then he went aloft by the same way the Indian had climbed up, and before Mountain Chief had any notion that his challenge had been accepted he was looking into the blazing eyes of Harvey.

But his look was cut short in a second, for the infuriated trader brought the cudgel down upon the bridge of his nose in a terrible blow that instantly felled the Piegan to the roof and caused him to carry a flattened nose for the remainder of his life. As Mountain Chief was a handsome warrior and proud as a peacock this mutilation was a thing which cut his pride, and the incident gave Harvey a great name for bravery.

Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners

By Paul Latzke



The Laughing Monk of the Carnegie board-room

SECOND PAPER

THE wonderful story of Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners would be incomplete without a special reference to the "Laughing Monk." No man may say of a surety that the monk has had to do with the rise of any of the thirty, though there is a shrewd suspicion in some quarters that he has served even there. But that he has had much to do with the happiness and contentment of the thirty is conceded by all. The monk hangs on the north wall of the big Carnegie board-room in Pittsburg—a portrait about three feet high, done in oils. If the spirit that he radiates could be transfused into all the board-rooms in America much would be accomplished in the way of creating an Utopian business world.

The monk belonged originally to Mr. Carnegie. That gentleman presented him some ten years ago to Mr. Charles M. Schwab as a tribute to that remarkable young man's capacity to look at the bright side of things. In respect to that capacity Mr. Schwab is unique among great men The Napoleons in all divisions of life, the Napoleons of politics, of finance, of commerce, all have their periods of relaxation when they say pleasant things and enjoy themselves generally. But these periods are confined to the times when they have nothing particularly important on hand. During the hours when the serious things of life are transacted they rarely give way to the cheerful tendency They yield to the general belief that better business can be transacted with a corrugated brow than with a smooth one.

The Geniality of the Great Steel Magnate

President McKinley has an extremely winning smile, and on social occasions that smile is almost invariably in evidence. But it is of record that whenever matters of import are on the table Mr. McKinley suppresses the smile most rigorously. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan can laugh until the rafters ring provided the company is just right socially and the situation propitious. But few men have ever seen him crack a smile in his glass walled office in Wall Street. There he is serious almost to the point of gloominess And so it is all along, in the case of the big men of the country, until you come to Mr. Schwab. He somehow declines to look gloomy even under the most trying circumstances

During all the days and nights when the great billion dollar steel combination, of which he is now President, was in process of formation he faced the situation with the same cheerful countenance that had been his on all former occasions. I saw him many times, both at the Holland House, where much of the work of organization was done, and at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., and always he wore a bright, cheerful, boyish smile. The other men with whom he was in conversation were generally deep in frowns, looking much of the time as though they had lost some of their best friends and expected to lose the rest the next day. But the young steel king looked as happy as though he had not a care on his mind, and he probably hadn't, for there was never any question of his complete mastery of the situation The newspapers printed stories from day to day about this man or the other having been fixed on for the presidency and leadership of the huge organization that was forming But the insiders knew better, and from the beginning to the end of the deal no other name than that of C. M. Schwab was even suggested for the presidency. In fact the promotion of the enterprise depended absolutely on Mr Schwab's willingness to accept the chief executive position. The chief reason why the capitalists in the other enterprises were willing to go in on the Carnegie terms was that the combination would have the benefit of the services of this smiling young man, under whose management the Carnegie Company's profits had jumped from something like fifteen millions to forty two millions a year. They knew him as a master of discipline, the greatest executive the industrial world had ever seen, and an organizer without a peer. They knew he had a much better way of handling men than by driving them with a club, a fact that had been made apparent when he settled the Homestead strike and built up, out of the chaotic conditions engendered by that strike, a business management that not only saved the industry from impending ruin, but made it greater than ever It was recognized that had he been in charge at Homestead at the beginning there never would have been a strike, for his diplomatic talents are as great as his industrial

The Queer History of the Jolly Monk

And this brings the subject back to the Laughing Monk, and to the story of how he came to hang in the Carnegie board room

This board room is a very handsome apartment, beautifully furnished in polished oak. Taking up most of the space are two enormous round tables of quartered polished oak. About these tables "The Great Thirty" are wont to gather every Saturday to discuss business plans and policies. All the problems that are to be met by the company come up for discussion at these weekly meetings

Until Mr Schwab became President of the Carnegie Company, in 1896, the meetings were held very soberly in an atmosphere of proper business gloom. On the second Saturday after his election the young President faced his colleagues and delivered himself in this fashion

"I have noticed with much pain," said he, "that as soon as you gentlemen sit down here you seem to forget all the cheerfulness that lurks in life. Your countenances become solemn and your eyes grow serious. To one who did not know what you are capable of socially, it would appear that you had come to attend a funeral service rather than a business meeting where the proceedings deal with living issues and not with dead ones. This, to my mind, is distinctly detrimental to the best interests of the Carnegie Company It is my belief that more business, and business of a better quality, can be transacted with a smile than with a frown I therefore suggest that hereafter at these meetings we all try to look pleasant, and, that we may have before us a proper example, I propose, with your permission, to hang in this room a picture presented to me by Mr. Carnegie. This is the picture."

The board-room door opened and there entered a porter bearing in his arms the Laughing Monk. One glance was sufficient to make everybody give a broad, responsive grin No living man can look the Laughing Monk in the face without laughing back. He is the jolliest, fattest, and altogether the most delightful person ever put on canvas.

The monk was hung then and there, and Mr. Schwab told the story of its presentation to him

A Laugh that Accounted for a Big Deficit

"When the Carnegie Company was younger than it is to-day and money was considerably scarcer I obtained a large appropriation for a mechanical experiment at Homestead. Before I had finished the experiment had consumed more than four times the amount appropriated, and there was the deuce to pay. Mr. Carnegie was mad clear through and took no pains to conceal the fact. He sent for me and gave me fits. He scolded as I have seldom heard him scold."

Mr. Schwab's eyes took on a far-away, reminiscent look, and he fell into silence. Naturally, the partners were tremendously interested and waited for the end. When their chief showed no disposition to finish in a hurry, several of the partners asked

"And you—what did you do?"

"I," replied the President, "I did as Altman did under similar circumstances."

"Altman? Who's Altman, and what did he do?"

"Altman, gentlemen, is an old German who worked for me for many years. During the strike at Homestead he remained with the company, thereby adding nothing to his popularity with the men. One day the strikers got hold of him and threw him in the river. Some time afterward Altman hunted me up and told me about his experience, whereupon I asked him, as you have just asked me: 'And you, Altman, what did you do?' 'I,' he replied, 'oh, I yoost laffed.'

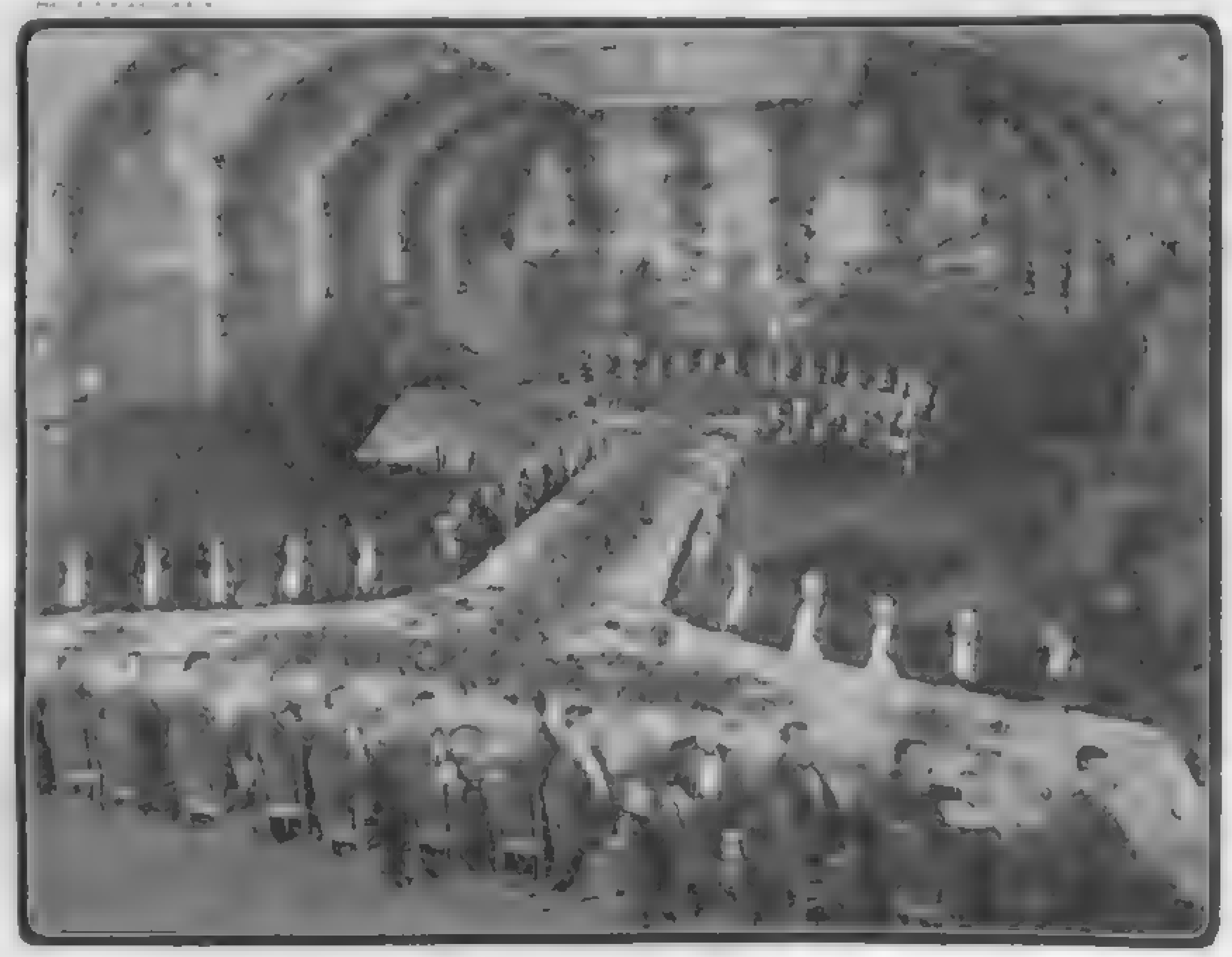
"And that is how Mr. Carnegie came to give me this picture," the President concluded when the general hilarity had died down. "I hope it may serve to keep us in a pleasant humor on the occasion of our regular business meetings."

From all accounts the picture has served excellently in this respect. As an additional incentive to good humor Mr. Schwab always prefaced the business meetings with a fine luncheon served for the partners in the board room. This custom is still kept up under the new President, Mr. Corey.

In an institution where such a spirit prevails it is not strange that young men should have opportunities for advancement unknown elsewhere in the business world. In a recent number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I told something of how a number of the young men who constitute the Carnegie Company, "The Great Thirty," made their way and came into their partnerships. The stories of the others are quite as fascinating

Mr. H. P. Bope, who was recently made First Vice-President and General Sales Agent of the company, was a stenographer not so many years ago. He now succeeds to the position of Mr. Peacock, the young man who retired a few weeks ago, after a service of eleven years, with a fortune of six or seven million dollars, to enjoy life. Mr. Bope and Mr Peacock were very close friends as well as business associates

Banquet given by Mr. Schwab to the Carnegie partners



Mr. Bope is forty-one years old and came from Lancaster Ohio. After trying his hand at various things he finally drifted to Pittsburg, where he obtained a position with Carnegie, Phipps & Co. as stenographer. He was that peculiar style of stenographer that doesn't know when quitting time comes, and this unusual trait impressed him so thoroughly on his immediate superiors that when Carnegie Phipps & Co. and Carnegie Brothers & Co., at that time two distinct concerns, consolidated as the Carnegie Steel Company, Mr. Bope was put in a confidential position in the sales department. Here he was the same hard working person, with the result that he was pushed steadily forward until he became chief assistant to Mr. Peacock, and now he becomes the head of the department

On the same day that Mr. Peacock retired Mr. L. C Phipps, the Second Vice-President and Treasurer of the company, also resigned. Mr. W. W. Blackburn, Secretary of the company, was elected as Second Vice-President to succeed Mr. Phipps, in line with the usual policy of promotion. A stranger who scans the list of the Carnegie partners is almost invariably confused by the fact that he finds hardly any one in the concern over forty years old

Mr. Blackburn is no exception to this rule. He is thirty-nine years old, and since 1880 has been connected with the Carnegie Company. He began his services as a clerk at what were then known as the Twenty-ninth Street Mills His home was in Hollidaysburg, Blair County, Pennsylvania He came to Pittsburg with an ordinary common-school education, but with any amount of hustle and an unending willingness to work, qualifications that invariably succeed in the iron industry as they do in other pursuits if properly applied The incident that first brought young Blackburn under Carnegie's special notice occurred some four or five years after he entered the firm's employ

It happened that Mr. Carnegie desired the services of a clerk for a special piece of work that came up very late in the day Going into the outer office he found that all hands had gone home. A messenger was summoned to scour the building for a clerk capable of carrying out the particular task. In an obscure corner young Blackburn was discovered, hard at work over a set of books. He was told what Mr Carnegie wanted and hastened down to that gentleman's office The ironmaster had grown rather impatient at the delay, and when young Blackburn finally came into his presence he greeted him rather roughly. The next moment, however, the even-handed justice for which Mr Carnegie is noted asserted itself, and it dawned on him that the young man before him, instead of meriting censure merited praise, in that he was the only person, evidently, who was at work after office hours. He gave his instructions, and noted with much satisfaction the intelligence with which they were received and carried out.

"How do you happen to be here when everybody else has gone?" the ironmaster finally asked, when the business in hand had been finished

"I had some extra work to do, and as I don't like to get behind I generally finish before I go home."

Mr. Carnegie said nothing to any one about the incident, but it was apparent from subsequent results that he kept his eye on young Blackburn, and soon the clerk who worked overtime found himself filling a much more important position

He stepped from one place into another until, in 1895, he was made Secretary and admitted to partnership.

Every pound of freight shipped by the Carnegie Company, and there are millions of tons each year, passes through the hands of Mr. George E. McCague and his staff. Mr. McCague has probably the distinction of being the only "General Freight Agent," as his title reads, outside of the railroad business. He has been with the Carnegie Company for ten years, and organized the enormous shipping department which, until his advent, was conducted on the lines common to the ordinary manufacturing concern. Mr. McCague comes naturally by the knowledge that enabled him to shape the Carnegie Company's business. He was raised as a railroad man and began his career as a freight clerk of the Pennsylvania in Pittsburg. After he had joined the Carnegie Company the system that he instituted proved so perfect and the economies effected were of such magnitude, that, by a unanimous vote, he was admitted to partnership. The former freight clerk is now a millionaire, and, pursuing the ordinary course usual to Carnegie partners, he will probably retire in a few years

Saturday luncheon and conference of the Carnegie partners in the board-room of the Carnegie office at Pittsburg

Beginning at the left, the names are, in order

1 *
2 H. P. Bope
3 E. F Wood
4 W. B. Dickson
5 J. E. Schwab
6 C. L. Taylor
7 John McLeod
8 H. A. Fennerty (standing
9 G. D. Packer
10 W R Balsinger
11 —— Lynch (standing)
12 H. J. Lindsay
13 Geo. E. McCague
14 *
15 F. H Kindl
16 D M Clemson
17 Jas. Scott
18 Walter (standing)
19 Jas Hurdie
20 Jas. Hunter
21 *
22 Thos Morrison
23 C M Schwab
24 W E. Corey
25 Jas Gayley
26 L. C Biehler
27 Thos Carson

* *No longer with the Company*

Leaping Over the Bar of Relationship

Mr. Joseph E. Schwab, the General Superintendent of the Duquesne Steel Works, is a younger brother of President Schwab. The story of how he won his partnership is especially interesting "Young Joe," as they used to call him, got a position on his own account with the company soon after he finished his schooling at Loretto, the home city of the Schwabs. His elder brother had already made a place for himself, a fact that hindered the younger man instead of helping him. By dint of hard work, however, he advanced himself steadily, and when Mr. Charles M. Schwab became General Superintendent at Homestead the younger brother was in charge of one of the important departments. Up to this time, though the two brothers had always been as they are to-day, warm personal friends, they had practically no relations with each other in business, but with the elder Schwab's assumption of the general superintendency Joseph became his subordinate. About the first thing that C. M. Schwab did was to send for Joseph. He told him that while he, Joseph, was undoubtedly a hard-working, able and conscientious young man, it would thereafter be impossible for him to win advancement on his own account

"You will be known," said the elder brother, "as C M Schwab's brother, and nothing else. Any effort that will be made to promote you, no matter how meritorious, will be attributed to your relationship to me. The best thing you can do is to throw up your position and start in somewhere else."

Joseph saw the point and followed the excellent advice that was given him. Being a Schwab, he determined that he would show the Carnegie people a thing or two on his own account. So he got a position with a rival concern, and by working day and night, Sundays and holidays, forced himself so rapidly to the front that in four years he was General Manager of the corporation whose services he had entered. In this position he gave the Carnegie Company such a sturdy fight in the market that that concern, by a unanimous vote, made him a handsome offer to come back The offer included a partnership and the general superintendency of the Duquesne Mills, one of the most important works controlled by the company. "Young Joe" having demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction that he wasn't hanging to his brother's coat-tails, accepted the offer

The Country Boy Who Had No Experience

A raw country boy in the mountain district of Pennsylvania got a job, seventeen years ago, as timekeeper at one of the smaller mines owned by the Carnegie Company. Two years afterward the company decided to go into the natural gas business on an extensive scale; fifty or sixty wells were to be put down and hundreds of miles of piping were to be laid The question was whom to put in charge of this new work The Superintendent of the mine where the country boy worked happened to be present in the board room in Pittsburg when the question came up. He heard several names suggested, and after some discussion voted down. Then up spoke the Superintendent:

"I have," said he, "the very man for the job. He is a young fellow and has never had any experience in great enterprises, but he is as bright as a dollar and can handle men better than anybody I ever saw in my life, being able in that respect to give me cards and spades. I suggest that you turn him loose on this proposition, and I will stake my reputation on it that he will succeed."

So earnest was the Superintendent that he carried his point and was told to send his prodigy along The prodigy appeared a few days later in the person of one Daniel Clemson. He looked even rawer than his boss had painted him, but pretty clothes don't count for much in the steel business, and the young fellow gave such a good account of himself that it was decided he might be the man for the place. At any rate, as there was no better material in sight, he was given a trial.

Now it may seem a remarkable proposition to take a timekeeper out of a second-class mine and make him general director of a huge enterprise in nowise related to the business in which he had been employed, but it was and is an accepted theory in the Carnegie Company that experience counts for little. Youth, originality, boldness, a capacity for work and, in executive positions, the capacity for handling men, make up a combination, according to Carnegie standards, that is capable of grappling with any reasonable proposition

In the case of Mr. Clemson the theory worked out as it had in other cases. He took charge of the natural gas enterprise and carried it to a conclusion with such success that he was given a partnership interest. He has remained in charge of this important department ever since, all the coal mines of the company being afterward put under his jurisdiction in addition to the gas plants

It is a singular thing that no less than eight of the Carnegie partners were formerly telegraphers. Before the days of the telephone the operators sat practically at the elbows of the managers and heads of departments in their private offices Under such conditions the Carnegie telegrapher who had it in him naturally got an opportunity sooner or later to demonstrate his worth in other ways than by merely working a key

Mr. Homer J Lindsay, on whom will probably devolve the direct administration of the five-million dollar trust fund set aside by Mr. Carnegie for the benefit of the employees who meet with accidents in the works, was one of the first of the Carnegie

(Concluded on Page 22)

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IN VIEW of the fact that almost everybody and practically every publication are abusing millionaires, it does seem reasonable that the gentlemen with the overflowing bank accounts should stand together and respect one another's memories. But although the greatest of the things that abideth — in the Old Version — is charity, this is not to be. Millionaire Carnegie has laid down the law that a man who dies rich dies disgraced, and as if that were not enough Millionaire Chauncey M. Depew has pulled out his encyclopedia and delivered a post-prandial arraignment of Crœsus, showing that this overpraised person was worth only $9,000,000, and that there are living at this time several men in the United States who are worth between $200,000,000 and $400,000,000, and a number, in all, who have gone over the $100,000,000 mark. It does not appear to be very nice to attack Crœsus with such figures. He did the best he could in his day and generation, and he probably wishes he were alive to-day to rent rooms in Wall Street. But he might be sheared along with the other lambs who are so rich on the flood of speculation and who may have to borrow car fare when the tide turns

* * *

The man who knows how to obey has learned more than a half of the lesson of success.

The White Flag of Finance

SOMETHING is said on this page of the change which the new industrial combinations are going to bring about in the relations between the United States and Canada. But the political revolution following in the wake of the economic revolution will not end there. Cosmopolitan finance has already profoundly modified the relations of all the nations of the earth, and before long we may expect to find it knitting the whole world in bonds that will make a reality the idealist's dream of the end of war.

Formerly nations went to war easily because they were almost entirely self-contained. Each country owned itself and its industries, and had neither the sympathy with other countries that comes of knowledge, nor the interest in their welfare that comes of a stake in their resources. If a country was invaded, if its towns were sacked, its ships burned and its treasures scattered, its own people had to bear the loss. Neither the invader nor any other Power was disturbed

But now the capital of all countries is finding investments everywhere. When our war with Spain began we were still a self-contained nation, and Spain's poverty prevented her from having any interests in the United States. Hence the war was carried on to a considerable extent under the old conditions. Even then, the European holders of Spanish bonds were deeply agitated. But if a war should break out between two great Powers its effects would be felt throughout the world and the victors would suffer hardly less than the vanquished. Every British gun that sank a French merchant ship would bore a hole in the profits of an English insurance company. Every dividend passed by an Australian mining company would hit the pockets of French shareholders. In time, when the present process is completed, all the great industries of the world will be associated in "communities of interest," in which the capitalists of all nations will be partners. Every war then will be, so far as business is concerned, a civil war.

It was not altogether international rivalries that prevented action on behalf of the Armenians and handcuffed the Greeks before the Sultan's knife; it was largely the influence of cosmopolitan finance, which had investments everywhere, and saw that in consequence losses by war would be no longer a risk, but a certainty. With consolidated industries there can no longer be a winner and a loser in war. Whoever may win, the owners of the world's business must necessarily lose, and since the owners of the world's business are all-powerful with governments, the probability is that in the future a great war will be an exceedingly rare phenomenon. Finance will have achieved the ends toward which the peace societies have aimed

* * *

With service a church is a building — with worship it is a temple.

Lessons from the Yellow People

AS BY taking possession of the Philippines this nation has become an Asiatic power, and as we are endeavoring to become an acceptable neighbor to China and Japan, it might be profitable as well as politic for us to adopt such of the far East's good qualities as can fitly supplement our own

We insist on sending missionaries to the yellow races, and probably we should place no obstacles in the way of Buddhists and Shintoists who might attempt to convert Americans to their way of thinking, for the faiths of the Asiatic coasts have little attractiveness in Western lands except to the cranks who, in religion as in everything else, care most for what they hear of last. But there are some Oriental ways which we might adopt to our everlasting benefit. For instance, China and Japan, heathen nations though we call them, are the only parts of the world in which the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is fully obeyed by all classes and conditions of men and women as well as by children. Family pride, among these benighted people, is not based on genealogical trees, nor even on collections of antique portraits, furniture and bric-à-brac, but on the actual and special virtues of ancestors, each and all of which virtues the descendants are required to respect and emulate. Any failure to acquire and practice the good qualities of one's ancestors and to profit by parental experiences is attributed to viciousness or to mental weakness, and the delinquent is despised and ostracized accordingly.

Another far Eastern virtue that would improve the American people to a degree beyond the power of words to define is that of cheerfulness despite hard work and poor fare. All observing travelers bear testimony to the general good nature of the working classes of China and Japan, though there are no other countries in which the pay is so small in proportion to the work. The latest testimony on this subject comes from Bishop Potter, who illustrates his statement with some stories that seem almost incredible. The theory that certain classes are content with their lot because they dare not hope for anything better does not apply in this case, for in China and Japan individuals and families sometimes rise rapidly from the bottom to the top of the social ladder, and solely by their own ability. Whether any American grumbler or "kicker" ever rose from his original station is still to be learned, but employers know that the man who works cheerfully in addition to working well is most likely to be promoted — when he can be found: frequently he must be sought in some other shop.

We have joined other nations in insisting that China and Japan shall accept such Western ways as are superior to their own; good manners as well as good sense suggest that we adopt any Eastern virtues which would better us in the eyes of the heathen as well as in our own.

* * *

We have a glorious flag of reds, whites and blues, and yet, though the blues come last, many good people see nothing else.

Education that is Death to Art

IT IS a curious fact that the best artist artisan is the barbarian. He does not try to improve on models that have perfected themselves in the course of centuries, not being of an inventive or experimenting disposition; he does not try to widen his range by gathering materials from other lands; and, as time is of small value to him, he plods on till his work is to his mind. The best porcelains come from China; the best swords and bronzes were made by half-naked smiths in the mountains of Japan; remarkable carvings are made by the Pacific islanders; the most gorgeous feather work is that of the native Hawaiians; the drawn-work of Mexico has no equal for fineness [illegible], in all the world there are no such rugs as those made by the [illegible] of Southwestern Asia, mere savages, some of them dwelling in tents when not engaged in [illegible]

For [illegible] the attempt [illegible] to restore the art of rug weaving in the East to its old standard. The Shah of Persia [illegible] and in a few places where [illegible] have been set up by European traders there is a restoration of old patterns and colors, old methods and old materials, but the blight of commercialism has fallen on the Orient, and it sends to the younger nations carpets that from the grosser point of view of mere economy are poor investments, and from the artistic standard are failures. So in Japan, where civilizing is too often vulgarizing. Quantities of its tawdry work enjoyed the brief popularity always accorded to new things, but now that the vogue has passed, and these objects no longer appeal to buyers for the mere reason that they are Japanese, can the makers of them go back to honest, patient, personal art? It is to be feared, too, that in the Europeanizing of China, which is now threatened, we shall lose what in its fictile ware was excellent and typical

Americans have been slow to awaken to the fact that we have in this land, among a people of which the Old World knows nothing and the New World little, arts that are quaint, original and worthy of long continuance. Such are the textiles of the Navajos, the baskets of various Western tribes, and the bead and quill work of yet others. For centuries our Indians wove and broidered, and none except their red neighbors gave attention to them. Now that their work is at last receiving attention, their poverty induces them to make and sell as fast as possible, and hasty work is never good work. It is the whites who are responsible for the poverty of the Indian, in the destruction of his game, the obliteration of his hunting-grounds, and his introduction to sundry vices and diseases; hence it is our duty to better his state, not as now, by pauperizing him with gifts, but by encouraging him to continue what is best in his work. Government is preparing the Indian for citizenship — a gift to which he is at least as well entitled as are the negro, the Slav and the Polack — by schooling him in towns at a remove from his reservations. Much of the schooling is worse than futile, for in after-lack of those surroundings that preserve interest in books and civilized customs he goes back to his people, paints his face, wraps himself in a blanket and is the savage again

Why should he not be encouraged to continue in the work of his fathers, and to improve on it, if possible? Instead of teaching him to make carriages and lay brick, let him make baskets and blankets and pottery that are now eagerly sought by collectors and agents of museums. Work of this sort might at least go on jointly with his tasks in writing and mechanics, for if he had schooling it is supposable and possible that he would create new forms and increase the beauty and variety of his output. There will come a time when the Indian will be merged in the mass of Americans, and it is feared that unless measures are taken to foster the often delicate and always strange and interesting arts that he has practiced in the teepees and the pueblo, those arts will deteriorate and be finally lost. There never was an art, if it deserved the name, that did not merit perpetuity. That of the original inhabitant of the land should not be suffered to pass. Educate the Indian. Yes. But do not destroy, in that very process, all that is best in him.

* * *

In this workaday world the courage to do right is greater than the fear to do wrong.

The Work of the Money Magnet

THE economic revolution through which we are passing has many lines, and will have in due time many unexpected consequences. For instance, consider the effect it will have upon the relations between the United States and Canada.

Under the old methods of business these were two entirely separate countries. Certain men owned rolling mills in Canada. Certain others owned Canadian woolen mills, iron mines, coal mines, dairies, forests, sawmills, wheat farms and canneries. Still other men owned similar establishments in the United States. The owners of the Canadian industries tried to keep the Canadian market for themselves by duties on American products. The American producers tried in similar fashion to preserve their own home market by duties on Canadian goods. Thus the most powerful influences in each country tended toward separation. On each side the men who controlled politics were engaged in building up a tariff wall. Canadian interests were looked upon as essentially opposed to American interests, and vice versa.

But how will it be in the era of combinations? The capitalists of to-day pay no attention to the international boundary. They treat North America as one territory. American capital is opening iron works that are subsidized by the Canadian Government on Cape Breton, shipyards and elevators at Montreal, railroads in Manitoba and gold mines in the Klondike. Before long all the important industries of the continent will be centralized under the control of a few great corporations, with headquarters at New York. Then all the influences that hitherto have kept Canada and the United States apart will tend to bring them together. The importation of American goods into Canada and of Canadian goods into the United States will no longer disturb the owners of home factories when the mills on both sides of the line are owned by the same men. On the contrary, it will be to the interest of these men to have intercourse between the two countries made as free as possible, so that each of their factories can supply the region naturally tributary to it, and obtain its materials at the smallest possible expense.

Under these conditions Canada and the United States will become commercially one country. Whether this commercial union shall ever lead to a political union is a minor matter which may safely be left to take care of itself

* * *

Between a reformer who simply wants to reform himself into office and a spoils politician there is not much choice; but what little there is goes to the politician, for voters know where to find him.

Men & Women of the Hour

Outwitted by Mr. Pettigrew

Former Senator Pettigrew has attracted attention anew, since his recent retirement from Congress, by his swift winning, according to the newspapers, of a quarter of a million dollars or so, through the friendly "tips" of one of the most prominent Wall Street operators. Mr. Pettigrew is a man who has made many enemies, but enemies and friends alike agree in admitting his picturesque personality.

He "worked his way Westward" in the strictest sense of that phrase. He was taken by his parents from Vermont to Wisconsin as a boy; and after he had, by laboring hard out of hours and living cheaply, obtained a college education and a legal training, he pushed on by himself to Dakota with just seventeen dollars in his pocket.

The Territory was at that time more in need of men who worked with their hands than of those who trusted to their brains alone, and he entered his new home as a laborer attached to a Government surveying party. It did not take him long to discover that a rich harvest was coming to those who knew how to reap it from the rise in land values. He accordingly set up as a real-estate agent, surveyor and conveyancer at Sioux Falls. Out of this business grew a profitable law practice, and an opening in politics soon offered itself, which led in due course to the Senate.

In Mr. Pettigrew's Western home they tell a story of him which illustrates why he so rarely failed in any task he had set himself.

He was once engaged in a land transaction in which a tangle arose, and he and a rival claimant were left on the same footing as to the equities of the case, everything depending on who should make his filing first at the district land office.

Mr. Pettigrew boarded a train at once for the place where this office was situated; but he noticed, seated in one of the cars, a man who had some reputation thereabouts as a land agent, and whom he suspected of having been hired by his adversary to file on the land as a proxy. When the train was within a few miles of the land office station Mr. Pettigrew hurried forward to the cab, and after a short conversation with the engineer induced him to slip the coupling that attached the tender to the first car.

The locomotive steamed into town and dropped its enterprising passenger, who ran to the land office and made his filing while the engine was backing down and connecting again with the train which it had left standing in a cornfield. When the other man arrived he found that the formality of filing had just been completed.

The Surprise of Mr. Darwin

Mr. George H. Darwin, of England, the eminent astronomer and son of the great Darwin, is wondering whether he knows a scientific man or not when he sees him. And his faith in American newspaper men is unbounded. He cannot say too much of their versatile minds, their remarkable faculty of adaptation, and their nerve.

Mr. Darwin is one of the most distinguished scientific men in England. He is Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. He came to New York on a scientific mission and was beset by newspaper reporters. They asked him nothing unusual and he gave them and their questions little attention. His answers were of the nature of all answers from English people to newspaper men, for the English do not believe in the personal side of American journalism. Above all, he would not discuss his pet science with any one but an equal or a superior in that science.

It was very much against his principles to discuss astronomy in a newspaper through the medium of a reporter. One day a newspaper man of New York sent his card in to the professor. The usual answer came back. Then the reporter sat down and wrote the astronomer a note, saying that he would like to discuss six questions with him. He gave his list of questions. Mr. Darwin sent at once for him to come to his room. The two men talked all the afternoon and into the evening on these six questions. One or two of them Mr. Darwin frankly admitted he had never solved. The reporter gave, with readiness, the different solutions of great astronomers, living and dead.

The reporter made one of the notable newspaper articles of the day on the interview, and it was the talk of scientific men because of its strength, its evident honesty as an interview, and the significant fact that Mr. Darwin had allowed himself to be thus interviewed. Mr. Darwin, in talking about the conversation to a magazine editor, said: "I have not had so pleasant a talk since I left Cambridge. I am mortified to think that I did not know New York had so eminent an astronomer. I cannot imagine how his fame could have failed to reach me."

"Yes," said the reporter, when the editor told him of it, "I crammed for that interview for one week, working day and night for all I was worth."

How Masonry Saved Mr. Conger

Honorable Edwin H. Conger, who has just returned to his old home in Iowa for a visit after his arduous duties as Minister to China, owes his life to Freemasonry, and behind this fact lies the story of why he became a Mason.

Mr. Conger enlisted in the Union Army at the age of nineteen. His regiment was one of the Illinois regiments, and after being filled it was hurried to the front as rapidly as possible. In the forced marches across Tennessee the heat was intense and many of the new men dropped out. Conger was among the number overcome. He was told that he might go to the ambulance, but declined the privilege, and after resting himself a short time resumed his march.

Finally, however, weak and delirious with fever, he was left by the wayside in the enemy's country, with only a comrade who was to wait for the end and then rejoin the regiment.

With scarcely anything to eat and no shelter the situation was appalling. Finally a plan suggested itself to the watcher. He went as quickly as possible to the nearest village, and approaching the first group of men said:

"I am a Mason; is there a Mason among you or near at hand?"

One of the most prominent citizens of the village stepped forward and warmly greeted him.

He was told of the apparently dying soldier's condition and promised aid at once. Conger was then removed to the village and given the best of treatment. In a short time he was nursed back to life and sent home to gain his strength, and one of his first acts as soon as he was old enough was to apply for admission into the Masonic order.

President Mendenhall's Cow

Professor Thomas C. Mendenhall, whose reported retirement from the presidency of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute will close a notable career in science, discovered his peculiar mathematical talent by accident.

He was the son of a poor farmer in Ohio, and was at work on the farm one day when a resident of a distant village drove up and struck a bargain with the elder Mendenhall for the purchase of a cow.

"Now," said the visitor, "I must get this cow home, but I can't take time to drive her twenty miles ahead of my team; and she can't go fast enough to be led behind. My lad, I'll give you a dollar to drive her over to my place."

Thomas jumped at the chance, and the next morning started on his walk, barefoot, before daylight. Arrived at his destination he received his dollar — the first money he had ever owned — and was invited to stay over night before returning. On his way to his room he passed a bookshelf on which lay a Euclid. He had never seen a geometry before, and something prompted him to take this one down and look inside. In a minute he was spellbound. He carried the book to his room and pored over it as long as his candle held out. Then he dreamed of it for the rest of the night.

In the morning he timidly asked his host if his dollar would buy that volume. His joy was so great at learning that it would that he could scarcely eat his breakfast, and he trudged home perfectly happy with his precious volume under his arm.

That was his first step in science; and his accidental introduction to Euclid inspired him to work his way through school and college, and enter upon the life of research which has placed him in the front rank of American scholars. He now has the right to place a long string of honors and titles after his name, and is a member of half a dozen scientific associations.

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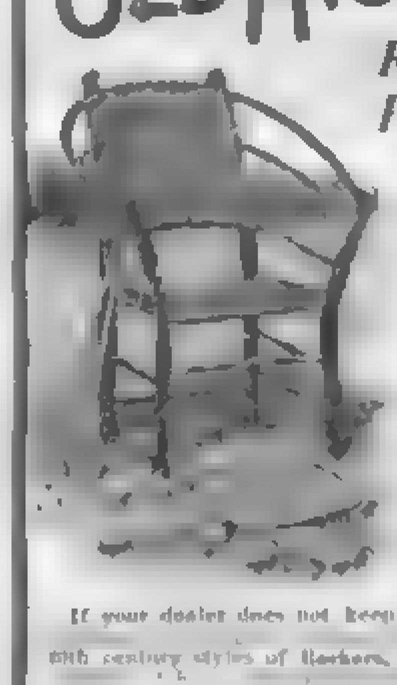

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Striking an Average

By Henry B. Fuller

(Continued from Page 5)

what interests us? I'm sure you interest me. And I thought I was interesting you. If I'm not—" He made a pretense of search for his hat.

"Don't ask me where it is," she said. "Do you know," she resumed presently, "that I copied one of your deeds day before yesterday?—one you signed yourself as somebody's attorney."

"Oh, that quitclaim?"

"Volume 6937, page 231. Document number one million eight hundred and thirty-six thousand nine hun——"

"You must have taken your own time with it. I've been sending to the Recorder's for the original for the past week."

"I did. You filled out the body yourself, too, didn't you? You write a very good hand for a lawyer."

"Call me that, if you like."

"Till I can call you alderman."

"You have a very good hand yourself," ventured Jameson. "Now, as a fact, I am an expert palm——"

"You sha'n't read *mine!*" she retorted, drawing her hand back. "I don't encourage any such——"

"You're quite right," he replied gravely. "I beg your pardon."

"[illegible]," she commented witheringly.

"Well, does that hurt?"

"Talk as you did at first. Oh, well, take it, if you want to."

"I don't need to. I think I know about what's likely to happen to you."

"Tell me."

"Not yet."

"Too dreadful?"

"That will be for you to say."

"My future rests with myself, then?"

"That's pretty close to it——"

There was a clumsy scuffling along the corridor. "Where's Mag?" asked a sharp little voice.

"'Mag!' There! what did I tell you—Margaret!"

"I won't allow you to——"

The cause of the disturbance appeared between the stuffy portières—a boy of ten, all legs, awkwardness, curiosity and freckles.

"Go away, Jimmy," said his sister.

"Come in, Jimmy," said his sister's caller.

Jimmy came in and looked at Jameson and grinned. Jameson gave him a dazzling smile and tousled his red hair. "Me own name, exactly," he said, and Jimmy grinned all the wider. Peter Callahan had once tried to tousle Jimmy's hair and had had his shins kicked for his pains. No, Peter could never be a successful candidate; he seemed doomed to defeat all around.

Jimmy went out as soon as Jameson left. The light was fled, the savor departed. He cast a careless glance at sister Margaret, now in reverie on the sofa, and shuffled back down the corridor.

Margaret continued to dream. They all began by tousling Jimmy's head. Could this last tousler be a serious one? And what might be expected to follow? Jimmy, always quick to detect a fraud, was thoroughly satisfied and convinced. Heigh-ho! One thing was clear, however: she should have her fill of oratory during the coming fortnight.

III

"IT'S the easiest proposition going," Jameson explained to his mother, as he deftly struck the tip off his egg. "Nine-tenths of it is in temperament, and the other tenth is in conforming—or in seeming to conform—to the general average of thought and manners. In other words, be a man first and a gentleman afterward. And a jollier always."

"But our standard of——" his mother began.

"Democracy has no use for a standard. The 'standard' is replaced by the 'average.'"

His mother looked doubtfully at his red eyes and listened with solicitude to his raucous tones.

"I see what you're thinking of, ma. But I'm not a drinker, as you very well know, while as for this talking the plaster off [illegible] ceilings, it will be over in a week more."

"But these awful creatures that keep coming to the house. Do you really have to 'jolly' them, as you call it?"

"Oh, there are plenty that are worse. Yes, I do. And it's a lucky thing that I can. And it's a still luckier thing that I can do it with sincerity—they're mighty quick to catch the false tone. Why, mother, we were pretty plain folks ourselves, once."

"Yes, I know we were. We can be yet should occasion require. And do you have to drink with them all day long?"

"I'm not so sure on that point. But there was no time for a preliminary study of the situation, so I fell in with existing arrangements."

"And that explains, too, your Mr. Branni—Branni——"

"Brannigan? Yes."

"If you had only begun by having a petition circulated among our friends and neighbors——"

"Oh, come, mother, how is it when you go to the theatre? You don't scramble in any old way; you go in past the regular doorkeeper."

"Is that man the regular doorkeeper? Who made him such, I should like to know? What business has he to stand there?"

"Can't say. But there he is, and it's simpler to recognize the fact. Wilson, give us another round of the toast. I get your vote, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said the man respectfully. "You get every vote in the house. You'd get fifty, sir, instead of five, if we had them."

Susan Bates stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "And there are those odious pictures in the papers. For years they've been calling upon our young men of wealth and position to come forward, and now when one does come——"

"Mother, dear, you wouldn't have them ignore me altogether?"

"I know. But those squibs, those caricatures, those 'pink tea' cartoons——"

"A little more of 'pink tea' would mean a good deal less of 'pink eye.'"

"And those insulting interruptions at your meetings; those silly, malapropos questions and comments——"

"Have I ever failed to return as good as was sent? Or better?"

"I don't think I'm overfastidious, Jimmy, but that last meeting of yours seemed to me to be very cheap and nasty."

"Dear ma, the world itself is rather cheap and nasty. Haven't you found that out yet?"

"No, my boy; and I don't like to hear you say that *you* have."

"I don't quite mean that, of course. But if a man's going to help it along a bit——"

"That's just what your father and I want you to do."

"——he must do it, sometimes, in its own cheap way and on its own cheap terms."

His mother looked at him soberly. "If you get in, I shall want you to become yourself again—right away, too."

"I shall; never fear. By the way, if you want to do a little—a little electioneering for me——"

"Well?" For a surprising self-consciousness had suddenly developed in his tone and air.

"I'm *not* in yet, you know, and every little helps. If you feel inclined, you might make a bit of a call on some 'constits' of mine over beyond the tracks. They have 'influence,' and——"

"H'm," said his mother.

"I really wish you would," said her son.

"I hadn't quite expected——"

"It's all right, mother. Should I ask it of you if I had the slightest doubt about the propriety of it? They're ladies, both of them."

"Very well; if you wish," she said, much in the dark.

"I wuddent go in no car-r'age, nayther," he counseled. "I'd hoof it—or else take the sthrate car. And make it some Saturday afthernoon, if ye can."

"Why, Jameson Bates!" exclaimed the good woman. "Still, if it's politics——"

Jameson flushed. "Pure politics," he said. Then: "Wilson, if Katie has got that slippery elm boiled down, you may bring me the bottle and I'll put it in my pocket now."

Mrs. Bates made her trip to the other side of the ward the next Saturday afternoon, and found both the Ryan ladies at home.

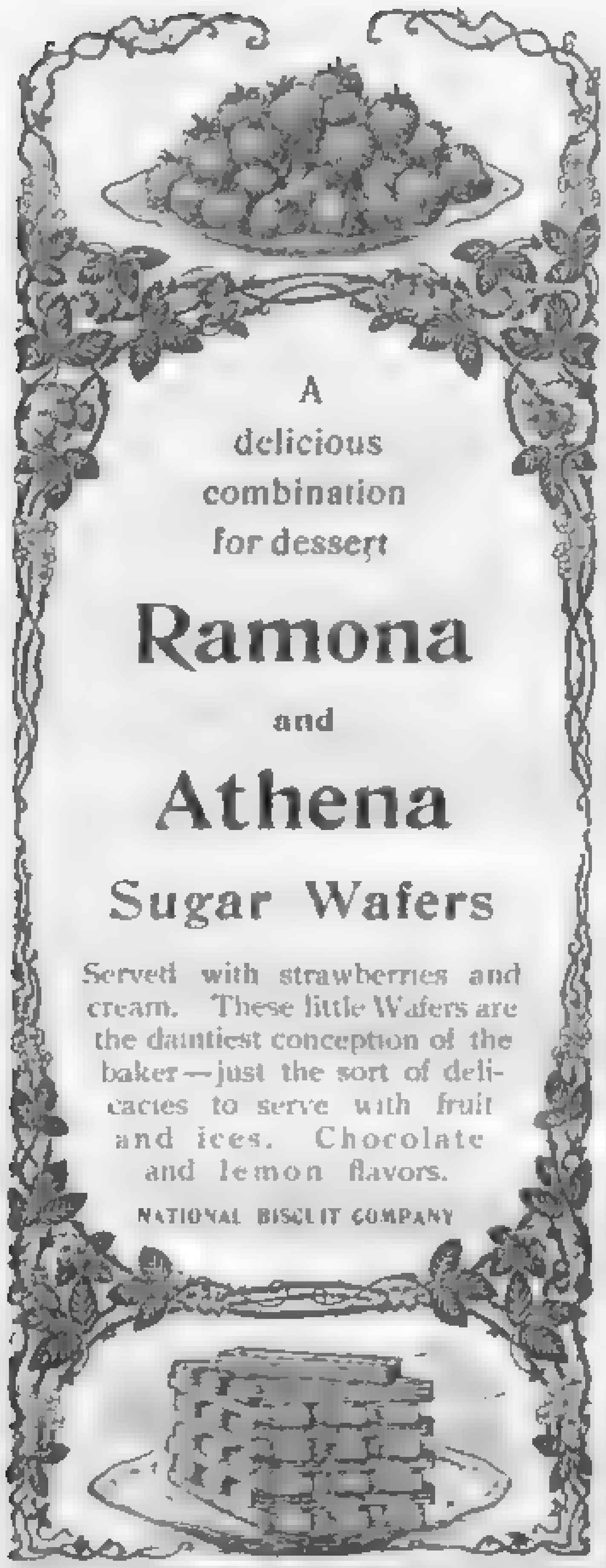
"But where were the 'poplars'?" she asked Jameson.

"Where was the 'avenue'?" he returned. Then he said he hoped she had made a good impression. "For the husband and father is a big power in the ward," he declared.

"Was that his picture over the sofa?" asked his mother, plainly skeptical as to Ryan's "power."

"Well, what did you think of his wife?"

Susan Bates had come to immediate terms with Cornelia Ryan. She had found her a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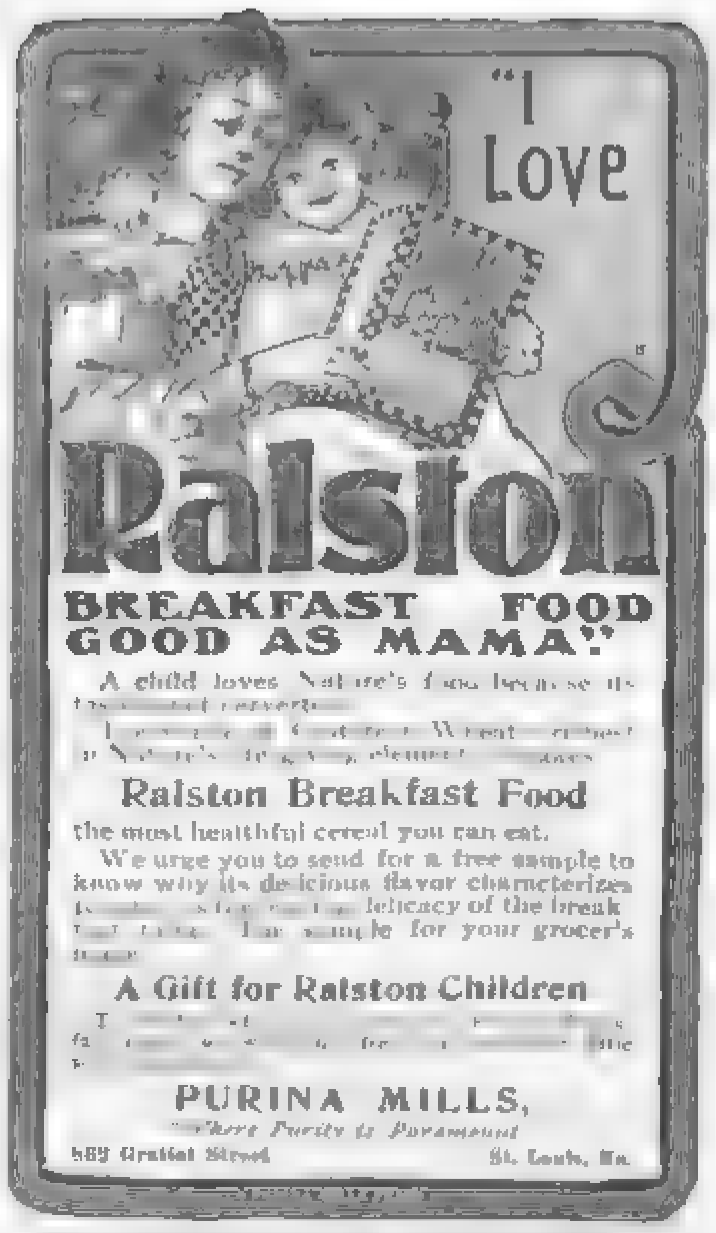
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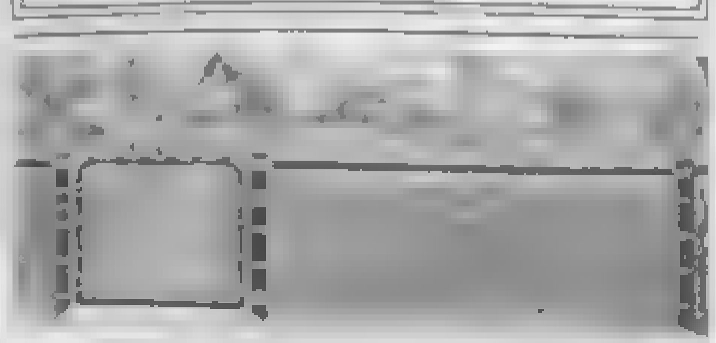
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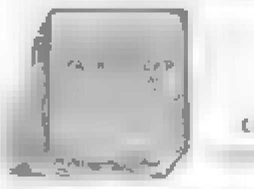

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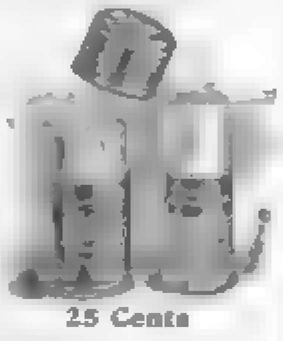

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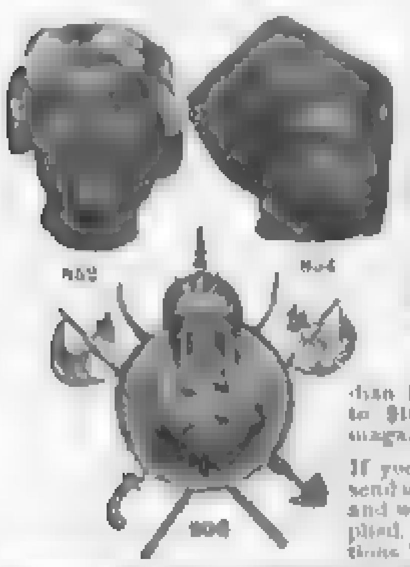

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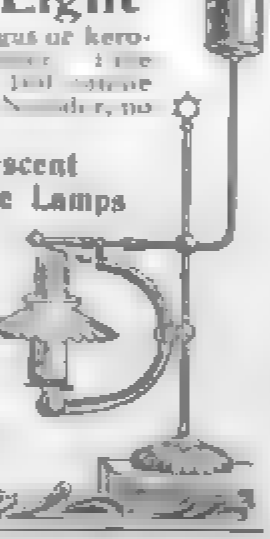

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"Regardless of her being on the wrong side of the tracks. "She is not only one of your 'constits,' but a very devoted one, I should judge."

"Oh, yes," returned Jameson easily. On two or three subsequent calls he had coaxed Cornelia Ryan from her retirement and had frankly given her a taste of his quality "The girl is rather a bright one, too," he added carelessly

"Is she?" said her mother. "I found her a little prim and sedate—formal, as well, I might say."

"H[illegible]," thought Jameson. "Has Margaret been trying to be 'genteel'!"

"Still, she seemed to be intelligent enough—at least she was pretty familiar with some of your speeches."

"Yes," said Jameson with the vastest indifference. "I've noticed her in the audience once or twice. Queer taste of hers—politics. Take her all 'round, she's the most singular girl I know; as different from [illegible]"

"Jameson Bates, why did you have me go there? Tell me the truth."

"You'll know pretty soon. Hark! there's another voter at the 'phone. I can't keep him waiting." And Jameson hurried away.

A week later, whiskey and [illegible] were alike of the past, and [illegible] Jameson Bates was an alderman-elect. "My boy, you've turned the trick," said Michael Aloysius Brannigan, in a state of extreme [illegible].

On the Monday evening following Jameson took his seat along with the other new members of the Council and participated in his first session. Every desk in the wide semicircle was banked with flowers; wives, mothers, sweethearts, in early spring finery, shared the desks and helped crowd the aisles. It was the first Council with a fair majority of honest men that the town had known in twenty years. If the golden age had returned, why not welcome it with floral offering and festive apparel?

Susan Bates shared her son's desk and passed the floral "tributes" in review.

"Whose is that?" she asked, motioning toward a green harp compact of smilax and marguerites that towered just behind her.

"That's for Gilroy, of the Seventh."

"Whom is that for?"—pointing to a six-foot warrior done, tomahawk and all, in red carnations.

"That's from Casey's 'Indians,' in the Twenty-eighth."

She came back to her son's own desk. "Who sent you this horseshoe in calla lilies?"

"The Lincoln Republicans of my own ward. Their votes helped to put me here. How's that for an indorsement of your reviled son?"

"And this?—this?" pursued his mother.

"H'm," said Jameson. "This" was a sort of twofold arrangement in white carnations, crossed by a diagonal line of purple immortelles—the whole suggestive of an open book, with a pen laid upon it. It seemed to refer at once to his own legal studies and to the activities of some fair copyist.

His mother caught at the card. "Miss Margaret Ryan," she read. "Your Miss Ryan?"

"My Miss Ryan," he replied, as the mayor, rising from his embowered desk, let fall his gavel and opened the proceedings.

Susan Bates followed the course of business to the best of her ability as it went along under the stir and stimulus of novel conditions. She gave her closest heed to the halting manœuvres of new members and to the zigzag rhetoric of old ones. She studied intently the language and physiognomy of each speaker as he arose from out the floral jungle. "Such foreheads! Such grammar!" she said to her son in a terrified whisper.

"Pooh, mother!" he rejoined; "this is the best Council in years."

"A—ah!" she sighed with a world of meaning, and returned to the study of Margaret Ryan's tribute.

Jameson kept his ears open for the roll-calls that followed one another with striking frequency, and his eyes open for the giver of the floral book. When his mother looked down he looked up. When she looked to the right he took occasion to glance off toward the left. Presently he discovered the object of his search hidden behind a miniature arch of triumph three desks away. Susan was thoughtfully studying the open book, Margaret, with a face full of strained intensity, was studying Susan; and Jameson, partly sheltered by his calla lilies, studied Margaret. Presently he moved out from his shelter and caught her eye and smiled and drew down one corner of his mouth—"All's well," it said. The girl's strained look broke into a smile of response; then she [illegible] and her eyes dropped, and she retired again behind her arch of triumph. Susan pondered over the book, and the appalling syntax of Alderman Ziegler flowed along unheeded.

As the session broke up Jameson signaled to the girl to meet him and his mother at the exit. Margaret timed herself accordingly, and joined them, along with her cousin, a well-to-do plumber, who at once showed [illegible] on this public ground, at least—as a man and a brother. Jameson looked anxiously at his mother, whom on many an [illegible] he had seen terrifyingly gracious, as he said:

"You remember Miss Ryan, ma? It's she who has pulled me through the campaign." And Susan greeted the girl with a plain, homely good will—the best way and the only.

"Let me thank you on my Jimmy's account," she said.

"There!—'Jimmy'!" murmured the girl.

"And do not forget to return my call," Susan Bates added, as she moved away by her son's side.

Two or three evenings later Jameson was again in Poplar Avenue, sitting on the florid, dumpy sofa and reading Margaret Ryan's palm.

"It's all as plain as day," he declared, bending over her hand. "You are about to resume your royal state to be a society queen—on the other side of the tracks. Come, make a stagger at it. Why, you can do it without turning a hair. Not one in a hundred is half so well fitted for the part——"

"Your mother?" hesitated the girl.

"Well, what of her? Isn't she your sort?"

"Yes, but——"

"And you're hers. Never fear about that. Come, let's pool our issues—we'll make a pretty even thing of it. You put in a bookkeeper and a plumber, and we put in a machinist and a carpenter. We both contribute a certain amount of royalty and a fair degree of gentility. Take it all around, we hit off the same average and stack up about the same size. To add to that, we're both in politics. And we ought to stay in—together." He bent over her hand again. "You have helped me to my place, and now you are to share its honors and responsibilities."

"You read all that there?"

"Yes, and a good deal more."

"How long will it take you to read the rest?"

"A lifetime."

"You are sure she likes me?"

"Society" as a remote abstraction might be joked at lightly; but to live under the same roof with it——!

"You are sure you like *me?*"

"Yes."

"Then I guarantee the rest. Come; to tell the truth, I need you in my business. You pulled me through that waltz; you pulled me through the campaign. You must be consistent now, and promise to pull me through life."

"Poor boy! I'm sorry for you! I will. I do."

* * *

Photographing Closed Pages

LIBRARY rules ordinarily forbid the removal of valuable books and engravings from the premises, so that there is trouble in obtaining photographic copies of pictures or plates, the introduction of artificial light, or even of a camera being commonly prohibited. A method of getting over this difficulty, which has been tried recently with success, is to coat a piece of cardboard with a phosphorescent substance, and, after sufficient exposure to the sun, place it at the back of the picture to be reproduced. Then (supposing that the picture is in a book) a dry plate is put against the face of it, and the volume is closed. This can be managed very easily by manipulating the dry plate under a cloth that covers the book.

The dry plate is allowed to remain from eighteen to sixty minutes, according to the nature and thickness of the paper. Then it is withdrawn, under the cloth as before, and put into a dark box for subsequent development. It is stated by the inventor of this process that, if films are used instead of dry plates, a large number of copies of different engravings in the same book may be made at the same time.

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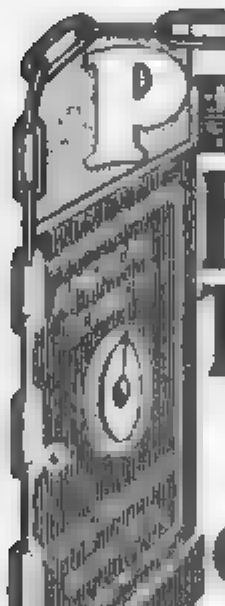

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Lighting Sunless Rooms

In these days, when land in great towns is so valuable that buildings develop an abnormal growth skyward, the problem of lighting lower-story and basement rooms becomes of great importance. To a notable extent it has been solved by means of ingenious reflectors, arrangements of prisms being commonly adopted for the purpose, so that every available ray of sunshine is utilized. Into a narrow court sixteen stories deep, for example, falls a stream of sunlight, which is treated exactly as if it were a cataract of water or other fluid, for it is diverted by glass refractors in such a manner as to convey it far into the interior of the structures on either side.

A newly patented contrivance employs a large plane mirror on top of a high building in such a manner that the glass, by clockwork mechanism, is made to revolve slowly and to face the sun at all hours of the day. The light which it reflects is thrown downward into a vertical tube lined with mirrors, which extends if desired to the basement, one hundred feet or more below. Arriving in the basement, the blaze of sunshine is concentrated within a great globe of ground glass, which is thus made intensely luminous, throwing out a light of astonishing brilliancy.

Another new invention of the kind utilizes not sunshine, but a very powerful electric light, the rays from which are carried through mirror lined tubes to many rooms in different parts of the building, thus making it unnecessary to provide separate lights for each apartment. Here again is illustrated the idea of employing light as if it were a fluid, and of distributing it by off currents to quarters where it is required. Probably such methods of indirect illumination have been carried further in Chicago than anywhere else in the country, some of the feats accomplished in that city, in the lighting of buildings, being truly marvelous.

Thanks to recent inventions of this sort, it has become practicable to use for business purposes spaces beneath sidewalks, which until lately were hardly available for any practical purpose. The owner of an up-to-date building nowadays undermines the pavement in front and actually utilizes it as a skylight, the flags being upheld by iron girders, between which are arrangements of glass prisms that diffract and diffuse the sunshine in such a way that the basement rooms have ample illumination for carrying on any sort of industrial employment.

Most people have seen the prism glass for windows, which is put into sashes like ordinary panes, giving brightness to many an interior that would otherwise be gloomy. In fact, nowadays there is hardly any basement, or even cellar, that may not be flooded with sunlight by the use of mechanical contrivances of the kind.

The Ceaseless Growth of the Ears

The systematic examination of more than forty thousand pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear continues to grow in the later decades of life; in fact, it appears never to stop growing until death. If one will take the trouble to look around in any assemblage of people, as at church, he will discover that the old folks have ears considerably larger than those of the middle-aged. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at twenty years of age will be very apt to possess medium-sized ears at forty years and large ears at sixty.

Why ears should go on growing all one's life, any more than noses, is a mystery. There are a good many other points about them that are instructive, their shapes being markedly persistent through heredity. An ear will be handed down, so to speak, from father to son for generation after generation with comparatively little modification. Some authorities on criminology assert that criminals are very apt to possess a peculiar kind of ear, which is recognizable by an expert in such matters.

There is probably nobody in the world who has a pair of ears perfectly matched; in most people the two differ perceptibly not only in shape, but also in size. Frequently they are not placed precisely alike on the head. The age of a person may be judged with great accuracy by the ears, which after youth is

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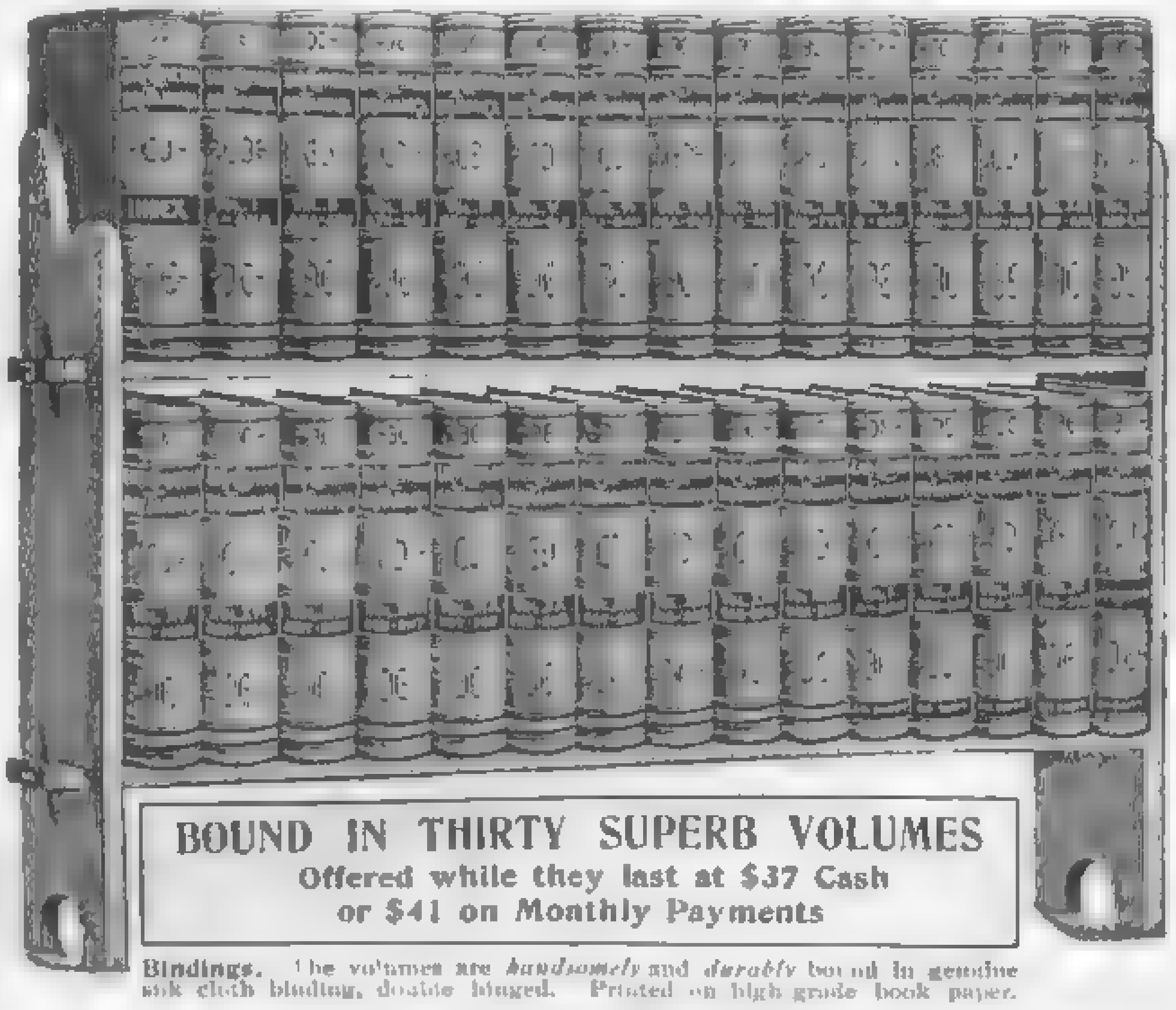

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past assume an increasing harshness of contour. A pretty woman whose first youth has departed may not show the fact in other ways but these telltale features will surely tell the story of the flight of time. Then there is the little wrinkle that comes just in front of each ear during the thirties — a fatal and ineradicable sign

Near the top of each ear, just within the downturned edge and slightly toward the back, will be found, if one feels for it, a small lump of cartilage. This is a remnant of what was originally the tip of the ear, when, ever so long ago, that organ in our remote ancestors had a point on it. Most of the apes to-day have pointed ears, but in human beings the upper edge of the organ has, in the course of ages, been folded over so as to cover the real tip

Nature in Squares for Artists

A contrivance called a "sketching hood" has been newly patented by an inventor who holds to the belief that mathematical accuracy is not to be despised in the practice of the fine arts. His apparatus is fastened upon the head in a manner implied by its name, a string being used to make it secure, and it is made to fit over the nose in front, for the sake of the additional support thus furnished

The front of the hood, out of which the wearer looks, is barred with a series of wires, some vertical and others horizontal, which form a set of equal squares. Thus the man whose head is inside of it beholds a landscape, if he is out of doors, laid off into neat rectangular sections

For the sake of convenience, the hood is made telescopic, so that the arrangement of cross-bars may be placed at a greater or less distance from the eyes by moving it either outward or inward

Having the landscape divided off into equal sections, and a sheet of drawing-paper or canvas marked with a corresponding number of squares, the sketcher finds his work greatly facilitated, each rectangle on the paper demanding that fraction of the view which appears to the eye through the equivalent square in the hood screen. The obvious difficulty is that the hood moves with the head of the wearer, thus changing the apparent positions of objects, but this is overcome by the use of a few beads strung on the cross wires, half a dozen of these being so adjusted in lines of sight with as many conspicuous points in the distance as to enable the sketcher at any moment to replace his gridiron upon the landscape, visually speaking, mathematically as it was before

This wire-fronted muzzle for artists will doubtless fill a long-felt want What the common cow of the fields, so notoriously prejudiced against sketching, will think of such a decoration for amateur painters and draftsmen remains to be ascertained

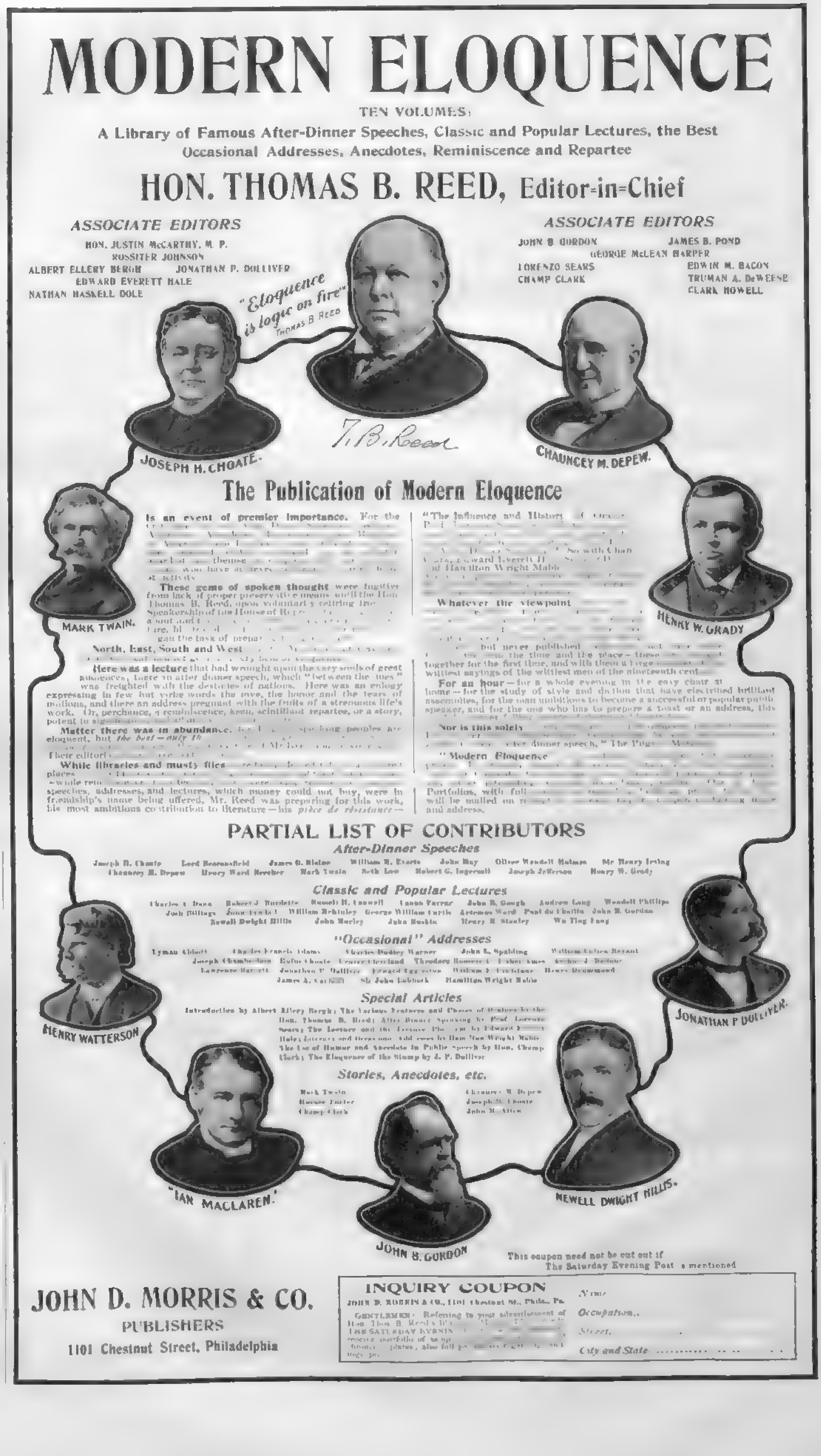
Dollars in Odd Shapes

Under the law, a silver dollar may be a grain and a half over weight or a grain and a half under weight, and this "limit of tolerance" applies to all of our silver coins In other words, they are not allowed to vary more than that much from standard. In the case of gold pieces, the limit is half a grain either way, up to the eagle; a variation of as much as one grain being permissible in the ten and twenty dollar pieces

Whenever a fresh batch of dollars is turned out at the mint, samples are forwarded to the Treasury at Washington, where they are put through a very curious process. Each dollar is first weighed on exquisitely delicate scales, to make sure that it is heavy enough and yet not too heavy. Then it is passed between two steel rollers again and again, until it is flattened out and transformed into a thin strip of silver — a sort of ribbon — a foot and a half in length. Then it is put beneath a little machine provided with several small punches, by which hundreds of tiny disks are punched out of the metal strip

Now, the object of this performance is to obtain samples of metal from all parts of the dollar, inasmuch as it is conceivable that one portion might be richer in silver than another. The little disks are shuffled together, and a few of them, taken at random from the lot, are subjected to an assay Thus the fineness of the material of the dollar is ascertained with absolute accuracy, and the weight having been already determined, the value and correctness of that coin are perfectly known

The sample pieces having been found correct, it is inferred that the entire batch of dollars is all right



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The Age of Cash

If you can possibly grasp it, think of a billion dollars. In former ages of the world it was a sum far beyond human needs or comprehension. If you should begin to count it, you would be a very aged person before you reached the total.

Then take another gasp and try to appreciate what three and a third billion dollars means. Mentally that is quite out of the question, of course, but it is the cold, written record of the bank clearances of the United States not only for one week, but, indeed, for several weeks successively during the present year.

The rich people of history are, in comparison with those of the present, about as poor as was Milton when he sold Paradise Lost for something like twenty-five dollars. It is the belief of the plutocrats that nobody amounts to anything in New York until he can use all his fingers in counting his millions. And this brings the situation to the interesting point that of the three and a third billions of bank clearances in the whole country two and a quarter billions were in New York.

To-day Wall Street has more to do with the rule of the world than has any monarch or minister.

It is easy to pay high tribute to executives — whether we call them kings or presidents — but back of it all is the supremacy of cash. It is the age of the practical. It may be Mr. Morgan's bill of a million dollars for forming a new trust, or it may be Johnnie Smith's account of one cent for the morning newspaper that calls Mr. Morgan all the names in the dictionary, but whether it is the million or the cent the indebtedness must be settled.

When Kipling wrote the poem about "Pay, Pay, Pay," he did something more than seek help for the English troops in South Africa; he presented, in a way, the modern spirit.

The Leadership of the World

It will soon be time for Mr. Kipling to write another poem.

One of the ablest of English reviews is our authority for the statement that the English Government has already spent over $725,000,000 in South Africa, and that the present rate of expenditure is something like $30,000,000 a month. It estimates that the eventual cost of the war will be about $1,000,000,000.

This is another case of a billion. But it is a billion out of English banks, while American billions are being stored away in vaults and investments.

Great Britain has thrown her marvelous abilities into war; the United States has thrown her marvelous abilities into the conquest of the markets of the world; and while Great Britain still has her war on hand the United States has won her battles in almost every part of the earth.

How Money Makes Money

When Mr. Morgan formed the billion-dollar steel trust there were many prophecies that it was too big to last. Prophecies always have a long time to come true, and so it would not be wise to discount them any more than the prediction in the almanac where a typographical blunder brought snow in June. But in the first three months of its life the new trust is said to have earned about $25,000,000, and it is prophesied that it will make $100,000,000 during the year.

We have reached the period in which great aggregations of capital make fortunes in a few months. The new century has burst into financial bloom. It is as if a hundred years had been preparing for the display. It is not that the average of prosperity has advanced so far, but that those who have investments and property have come into the blessings of a new golden age. For instance, a rich man left his children $70,000,000; within five years the sum has grown to $140,000,000. Some of the wealthy men of the country have seen their millions double within a couple of years. One of them said to the writer of this that it is no longer necessary to make money, for money is busy making itself. All this means the billions in bank clearances, the hundreds of millions in stock speculations, and the vast enterprises which take in most of the opportunities in the world, from underground railways in London to the lumber trade of the Philippines.

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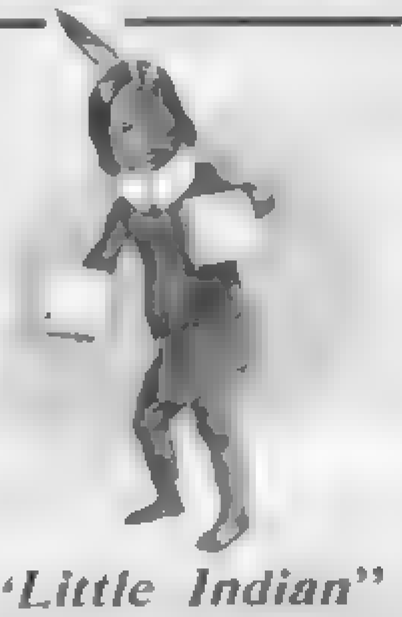

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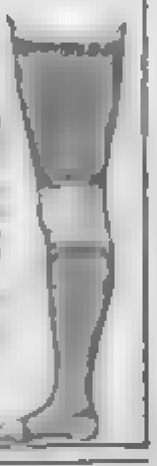

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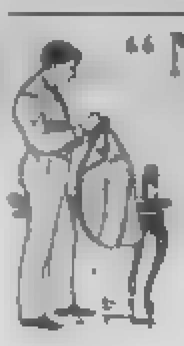

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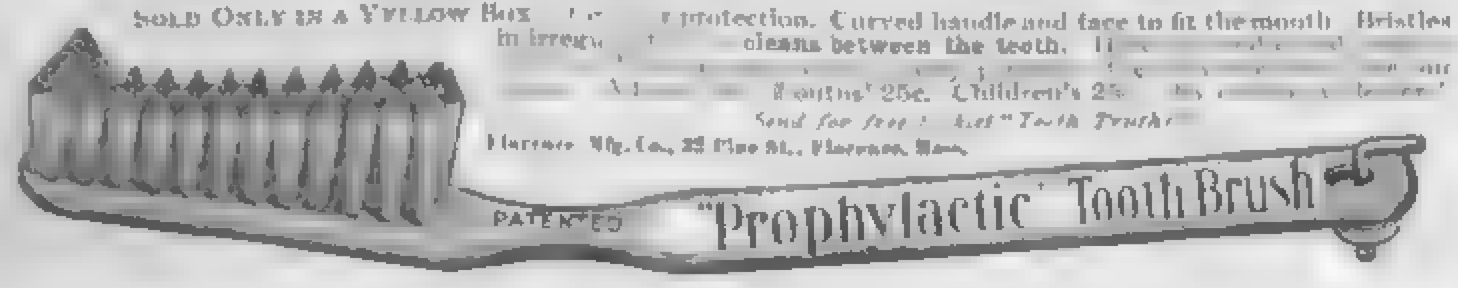

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The Centralization of Power

It is easily within the memory of the present generation that Congress and every political speaker used to be busied with arguments that concern centralization. The Democrats condemned it; the Republicans tried to explain that there was no possibility of it; and then before either the one or the other appreciated the drift of events the whole thing was upon them

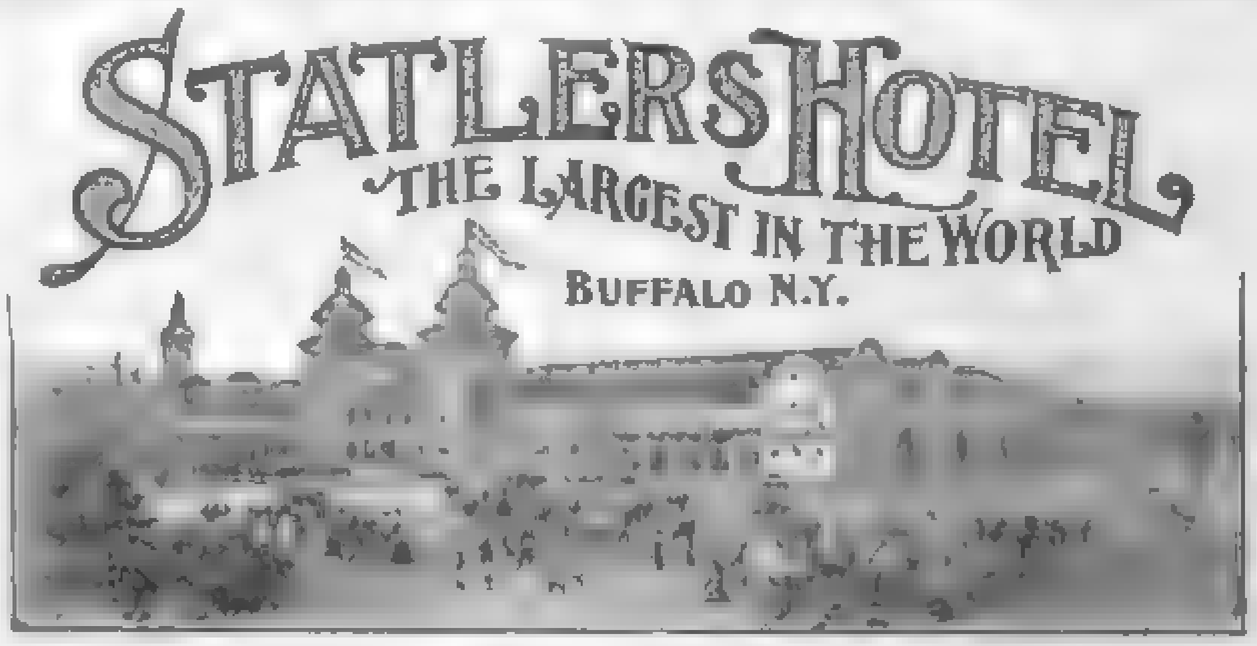
Mr. Morgan is sometimes represented as a man of millions who uses his wealth as an inconsiderate giant employs his strength That picture is silly as well as false. He is a man of fine descent, a real scholar, a student of affairs, and a man who would have forced himself to the front in any line. It is important to remember this because it explains his career—a series of successes without parallel in the world's history. He had the genius to foresee the opportunity and the inevitability of centralization, and he set the pace for the others to follow. First he took the railroads and tied them together; then he combined the steel interests; then, going abroad for a vacation, he got a part of the new British loan, and a few days afterward bought a great steamship line and united it with another, forming the largest single transportation fleet the world has ever known. So it ends in this fashion: Mr Morgan can produce iron and steel; he can ship it to any part of this country on his own railroads or to any part of the world on his own steamships. And of course it follows that he will soon be building the ships

America's Triumphs

The financial capital is no longer in London—it is in New York. No nation ever had in its treasury so much gold as the United States has now in its vaults. Our exports have recently broken all records and they are marvelous in their totals and variety. For a time it was only food that we sent to other parts of the earth—now American machinery and manufactures are carrying consternation into the strongholds of Europe's industries

There is something more It is not mere luck that has won. It is American excellence Take an indirect illustration Germany pays about $250 a year for each of her soldiers. Great Britain pays about twice as much. No other nation approaches those figures—except one. The United States pays an average of $1000 a year. This means that the man is better paid, better fed, better kept. The results show. In the practical comparisons in China, where the troops of the nations came together in actual work, great honors came to the United States

There was a time when the other nations were prone to laugh at our ways and to scoff at our pretensions, but that time has passed. We now possess the greatest country on earth; we have more railroads than the rest of the world; and we have the money. As to politics—well, what other executive except the Czar could take a ten thousand-mile journey without getting outside of his bailiwick?



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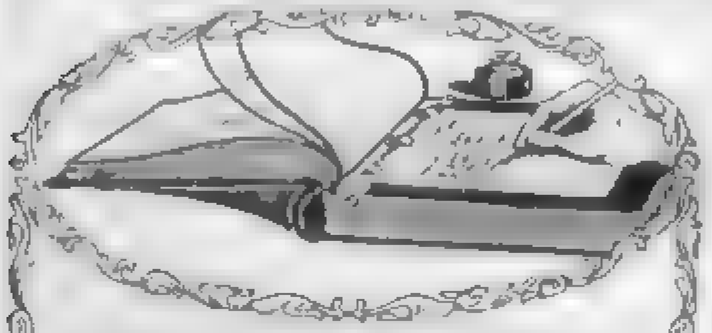

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Literary Folk

More About Captain Kettle

The first five of the twelve short stories in this volume (*A Master of Fortune; by Cutcliffe Hyne: G. W. Dillingham Company*) deal with the adventures of Captain Kettle as pilot on the Congo River, filibuster in the interior, refugee and beach-comber; then comes a yarn of enforced and unsuccessful cable tapping, and another of the successful salving of a derelict, which latter feat puts the captain in command of a tramp steamer the Parakeet. His adventures while commanding this boat fill out two more stories, and his success brings him promotion to a new passenger boat, from which—in the last story—he retires to take up the life of farmer, landlord and local preacher. The stories were written for separate publication in periodicals, but with an additional explanatory paragraph here and there at the beginning or end of a story they would make a continuous narrative, much more valuable in book form than as individual stories.

It is the second book of Captain Kettle stories, and, loosely speaking, may be said to be better than the first—as though Mr. Hyne had become more intimately acquainted with the bilious little skipper, and, feeling less need of the strained and improbable situations in which he first portrayed him, found as good, and more logical, material for stories in the character of Kettle himself; for a more interesting and complex and conflicting set of attributes perhaps never combined in the make-up of a human being. Small of frame, wiry and intrepid, nasty-tempered as an aged black and tan terrier, with a high sense of honor and none whatever of humor, with deep religious convictions which contrast strangely with his motives in accepting shady commissions, but with a loyalty and devotion to his far-distant family which [illegible] [illegible] overtop all other considerations and usually explain his shadiest motives—this man is also a poet, whose muse works best in time of stress or danger. Believing this, we may be glad that Mr. Hyne has included none of his verse.

Believing, too, that the open letter of dedication to Captain Owen Kettle, which preludes these stories, is a genuine document, and that somewhere in the world is the living original of this character, who, at some time had retailed these yarns of himself to Mr. Hyne, we may justly contradict Mr. Hyne in his oft-insisted contention that Captain Kettle is a strictly truthful man. For, there is the yarn of The Derelict—the 'Frisco grain ship, with cargo in bulk, on her beam ends from the shifting of this cargo, with eight feet of water in her hold, which ship Kettle boards with a green crew and brings to port, snugging her down at one time to lower topsails with the help of three Portuguese sailors. If Kettle told this yarn to Mr. Hyne he took culpable advantage of his probable unacquaintance with square-rigged ships, and told some lies. For, leaving aside the fact that grain is shipped out of 'Frisco in two-bushel bags to obviate this very shifting of cargo, and that for the purpose of a good story grain in bulk was needed, we are confronted with the certainty that with eight feet of water in the hold the decks and sides would be burst apart from the swelling of the grain, and with the impossibility of four men, of any size, snugging a two-thousand ton ship down to lower topsails in a gale, even supposing she carries the patent rolling topsails mentioned in the first of the story. They might stow the skysails, the royals and the mizzen topgallant sail, but would stop at the fore-topgallant sail, and would need double their strength on the main. However, who cares for this? Captain Kettle is a delightful character—at a safe distance—even though Mr. Hyne has been deceived in him, and we may well envy Mr. Hyne the pleasure he must have derived in absorbing these good stories.

Morgan Robertson

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Collaboration in literature is generally considered as too complicated and clumsy to stand the test of modern demands. The feasibility of this method, however, has seldom been more convincingly [illegible] than by Samuel Merwin and Henry K. Webster, whose first story, The Short Line War, made an especially strong appeal to men of affairs and won an immediate and substantial success. These young men are both under twenty-eight years of age, and have established their right to be regarded as probably

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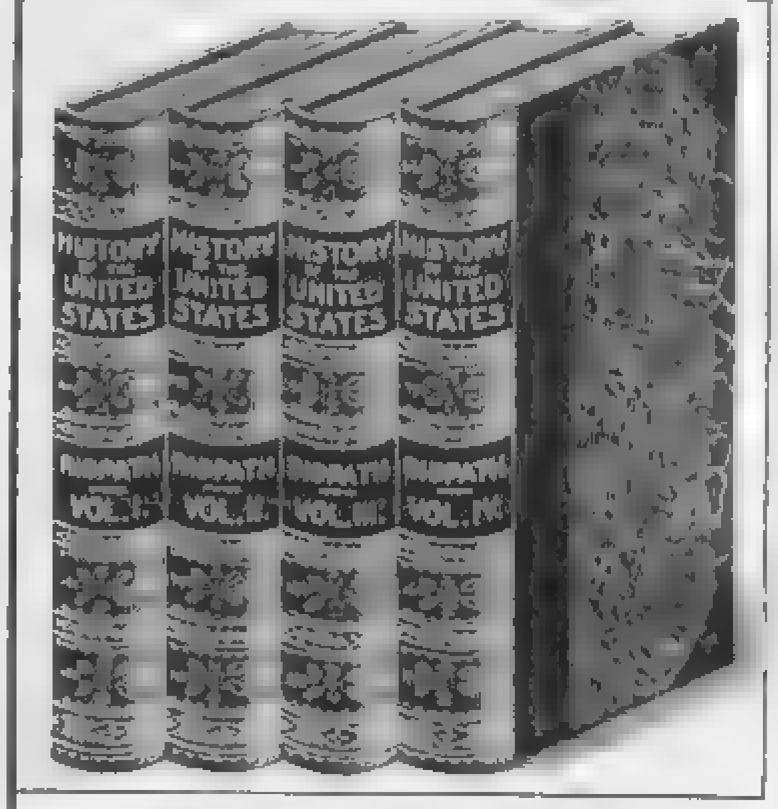
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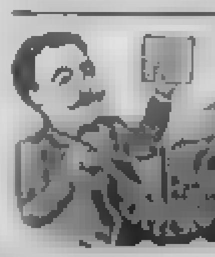

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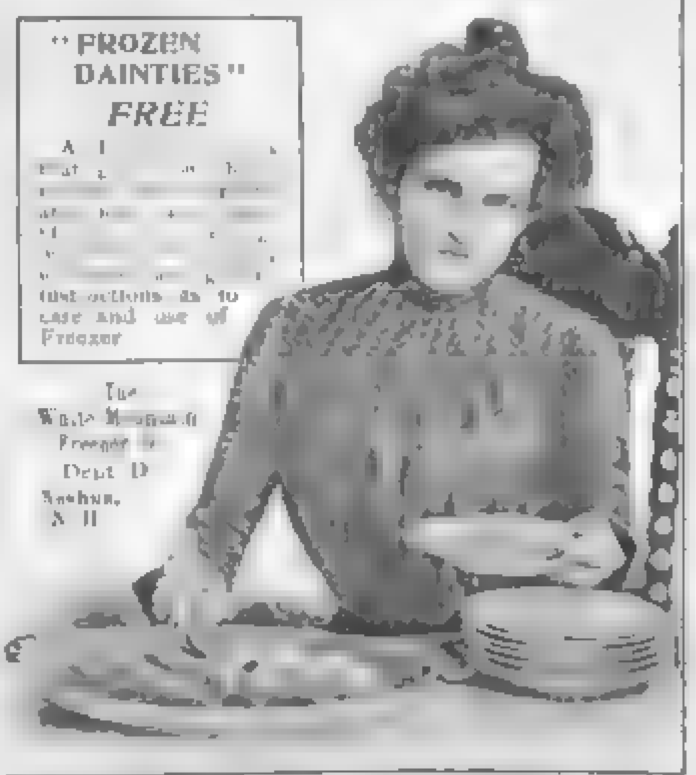

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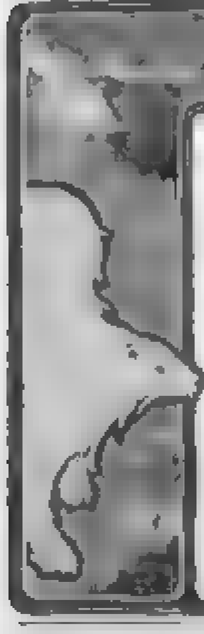

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the best matched "team" now pulling together in the literary harness. On the other hand, each has done independent work of high merit, and this compels the conclusion that neither is dependent upon the other for constructive talent or the capacity to clothe his plots and present his characters in attractive form.

The earnestness with which these young men enter into their work is well evidenced by the manner in which they prepared themselves to write their latest novel, Calumet "K," which begins this week in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Through their extensive acquaintance with business men doing things on a large scale and fighting the commercial battle of the West, they became acquainted with an incident of industrial warfare which suggested the plot of a stirring novel of modern business life. The main movement of the story centres in the building of an elevator and the events connected with this enterprise.

Though ample data, of a theoretical and second-hand nature, was placed in the hands of these young writers, they determined to know, through actual experience and personal observation, the groundwork of the structure of their story. Learning that a large grain elevator was to be constructed at Ludington, Michigan, they applied to the contractor for positions on the work. Mr. Merwin was employed as a lumber checker and Mr. Webster was assigned to the duties of timekeeper. If the "boss" labored under the idea that the two "young college chaps" would be unable to "hold down" their jobs he discovered his mistake before the first fortnight was passed. He never knew, however, the determination that was required to pull them through the crucial test of the initial week. Village boarding-house fare of fried eggs and apple pie served three times a day was also a radical departure from the diet to which the young authors had been accustomed.

The timekeeper was obliged to rise at five o'clock, eat his breakfast, and be at the scene of his day's labor in time to [illegible] the 6.45 whistle and hand out the "checks" to the men before the work began in earnest at seven o'clock. While his collaborator could catch a few additional moments of sleep in the morning, his duties were enough heavier to make up for this privilege.

None of their associates knew that they were working alongside of two successful authors, or suspected the real motive which held the young men to their task. It is interesting to speculate upon what would have been the attitude of the "boss" had he known that his timekeeper was a Hamilton graduate and had served as assistant professor of rhetoric in Union College, and that his lumber checker had been assistant editor in a book publishing house.

Though willing to work hard for true local color, these writers took good precautions not to overdo the matter of realism. They took no notes and allowed their materials to be collected by assimilation instead of by force. Then they waited several months before beginning to work out their story.

The Short Line War was written in the fall of 1898, on the theory that the business public would be interested in a story of modern business life. They took the manuscript personally to New York and it was immediately accepted. Mr. Merwin remained in the city for a time as one of the editors for a publishing house, and Mr. Webster returned to Chicago and wrote The Banker and the Bear. Mr. Merwin has written a romance, The Road to Frontenac, a story of New France and the Iroquois, which will soon be issued in book form. Unlike Mr. Webster, he often finds relaxation in the writing of short stories for juveniles and adults. Both young men are of musical bent, and have together done the book and music for several comic operas.

*

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When Sir John Tenniel retired from the staff of Punch a rumor went forth which really whetted the appetite [illegible] that he was preparing a book of reminiscences. Sir John's comment on this is simple enough. "I am not preparing my reminiscences," he says, "nor have I the slightest intention of doing so."

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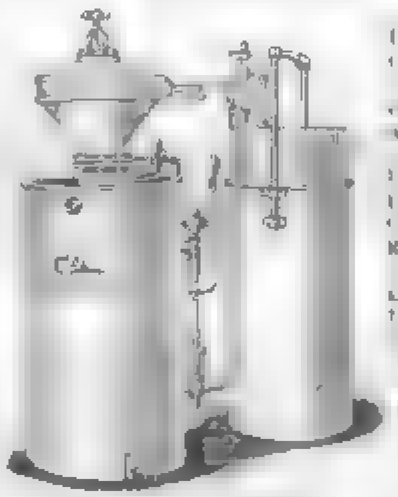

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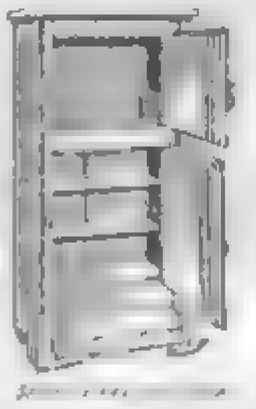

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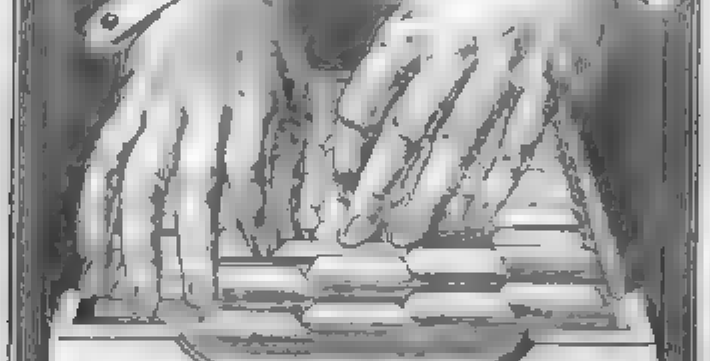

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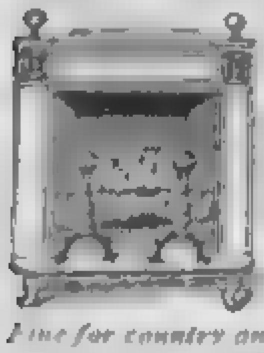

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Calumet "K"

(Continued from Page 3)

"Light, ain't it," said Peterson, taking it in his hand.

"You bet it's light. And look here"—he reached for it, and drew it back and forth over the palm of his hand—"that's the only stropping I ever give it."

"Don't you have to hone it?"

"No, sir; it's never been touched to stone or leather. You just get up and try it once. Those whiskers of yours won't look any the worse for a chopping."

Peterson laughed and lathered his face, while Bannon put an edge on the razor, testing it with a hair.

"Say, that's about the best yet," said Peterson after the first stroke.

"You're right it is."

Bannon looked on for a few minutes, then he took a railroad "Pathfinder" from his grip and rapidly turned the pages. Peterson saw it in the mirror, and asked between strokes:

"What are you going to do?"

"Looking up trains."

While Peterson was splashing in the washbowl, Bannon took his turn at the mirror.

"How's the Duluth job getting on?" asked Peterson, when Bannon had finished and was wiping his razor.

"All right—'most done. Just a little millwright work left, and some cleaning up."

"There ain't any marine leg on the house, is there?"

"No."

"How big a house is it?"

"Eight hundred thousand bushels."

"That so? Ain't half as big as this one, is it?"

"Guess not. Built for the same people, though—Page & Company."

"They must be going in pretty heavy."

"They are. There's a good deal of talk about it. Some of the boys up at the Office say there's going to be fun with December wheat before they get through with it. It's been going up pretty steadily since the end of September—it was seventy-four and three-eighths Saturday in Minneapolis. It ain't got up quite so high down here yet, but the boys say there's going to be a lot of money in it for somebody."

"Be a kind of a good thing to get in on, eh?" said Peterson cautiously.

"Maybe, for those that like to put money in wheat. I've got no money for that sort of thing myself."

"Yes, of course," was Peterson's quick reply. "A fellow doesn't want to run them kind o' chances. I don't believe in it myself."

"The fact's this—and this is just between you and me, mind you; I don't know anything about it, it's only what I think—somebody's buying a lot of December wheat, or the price wouldn't keep going up. And I've got a notion that, whoever he is, it's Page & Company that's selling it to him. That's just putting two and two together, you see. It's the real grain that the Pages handle, and if they sell to a man it means that they're going to make a mighty good try at unloading it on him and making him pay for it. That's all I know about it. I see the Pages selling—or what looks mighty like it—and I see them beginning to look around and talk on the quiet about crowding things a little on their new houses, and it just strikes me that there's likely to be a devil of a lot of wheat coming into Chicago before the year runs out, and if that's so, why, there's got to be a place to put it in when it gets here."

"Do they have to have an elevator to put it in?" asked Peterson. "Can't they deliver it in the cars? I don't know much about that side of the business."

"I should say not. The Board of Trade won't recognize grain as delivered until it's been inspected and stored in a registered [illegible]."

"When would the house have to be [illegible]"

"Well, if I'm right, if they're going to put December wheat in this house, they'll have to have it in before the last day of December."

"We couldn't do that," said Peterson, "if the cribbing was here."

Bannon, who had stretched out on the bed, swung his feet around and sat up. The situation was not easy, but he had been sent to Calumet to get the work done in time, and he meant to do it.

"Now, about this cribbing, Pete," he said; "we've got to have it before we can touch the annex?"

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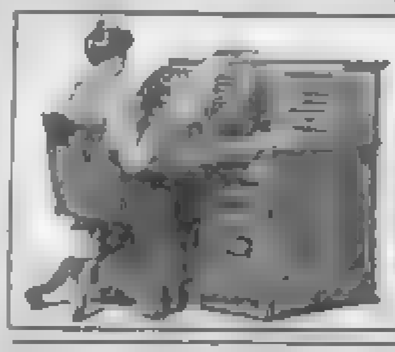

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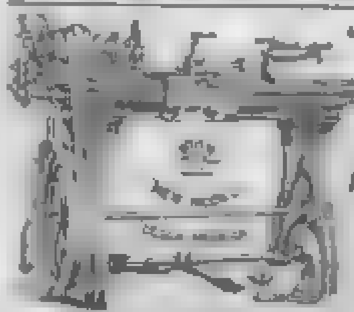

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"I guess that's about it," Peterson replied. "I've been figuring a little on this bill. I take it that there's something over two million feet altogether. Is that right?"

"It's something like that. Couldn't say exactly. Max takes care of the lumber."

"You ought to know a little more about this yourself, Pete. You're the man that's building the house."

"I guess I've been pushing it along as well as any one could," said Peterson.

"That's all right. I ain't hitting at you. I'm talking business, that's all. If Vogel's right, this cribbing ought to have been here fourteen days ago." Peterson nodded.

"Just two weeks of lost time. How've you been planning to make that up?"

"Why—why—I reckon I can put things together soon's I get the cribbing."

"Look here, Pete. The Office has contracted to get this house done by a certain date. They've got to pay $750 for every day that we run over that date. There's no getting out of that, cribbing or no cribbing. When they're seeing ten or twenty thousand dollars slipping out of their hands, do you think they're going to thank you for telling 'em that the G. & M. Railroad couldn't get cars? They don't care what's the matter—all they want of you is to do the work on time."

"Now, look here, Charlie——"

"Hold on, Pete. Don't get mad. It's facts, that's all. Here's these two weeks gone. You see that, all right enough. Now, the way this work's laid out, a man's got to make every day count right from the start if he wants to land on his feet when the house is done. Maybe you think somebody up in the sky is going to hand you down a present of two weeks so the lost time won't count."

"Well," said Peterson, "what are you getting at? Perhaps you think it's easy."

"No, I don't. But I'll tell you what to do. In the first place, you want to quit this getting out on the job and doing a laborer's work. The Office is paying out good money to the men that should do that. If you put in half a day swinging a sledge out there on the spouting-house, how're you going to know that the lumber bills tally, and the carpenters ain't making mistakes? Here to-day you had a dozen men throwing away their time moving a lot of timber that ought to have been put in the right place when it first came in."

Peterson was silent.

"Now, to-morrow, Pete, as soon as you've got the work moving along, you'd better go over to the electric light company and see about having the whole ground wired for arc lamps, so we can be ready to put on a night shift the minute the cribbing comes in. They ought to have it ready in two days."

Bannon sat for a moment, then he arose and looked at his watch.

"I'm going to leave you, Pete," he said as he put on his collar.

"Where're you going?"

"I've got to get up to the city to make the ten o'clock train. I'm going up to Ledyard to get the cribbing. Be back in a couple of days."

He threw his shaving kit into his grip, put on his overcoat, said good-night, and went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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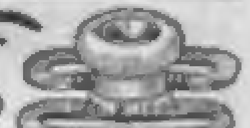
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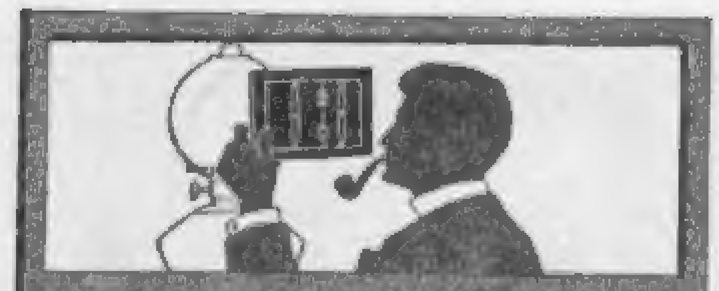

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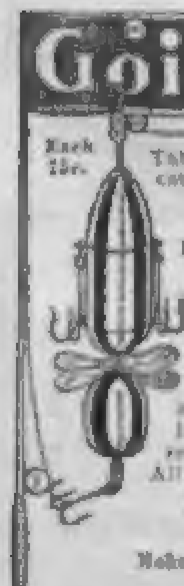

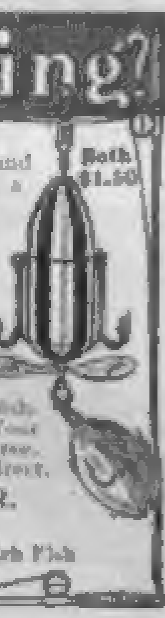

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Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners

(Concluded from Page 11)

telegraphers to make his mark. To-day, at thirty-eight, he is a partner in the concern and one of its most important members. When he was a young fellow of eighteen it chanced that the operator who had the key in the office of Thomas M. Carnegie, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's brother, fell sick. Young Lindsay, who had his application on file, was put in as a stop-gap to fill the vacancy. But he determined to go further, and set to work at shorthand.

Before the regular operator came back young Lindsay had made such good progress with his shorthand that he ventured to apply for the position of secretary to Mr. T. M. Carnegie, which became vacant about that time. His assurance, as much as anything else, got him the job and he set briskly to work. He remained in Mr. T. M. Carnegie's office as long as the latter was in the business, and then was put directly under the supervision of the President. At that time the business of selling rails was handled, not by a sales agent, but by the President of the company, and Lindsay was turned loose on the railroad men as a rail salesman. One day he brought into the office the largest order for rails ever placed in the world, and as a result of this he gained his partnership.

Winning by a Mastery of Credits

Mr. A. C. Case, who is chief of the Bureau of Credits of the company, was a telegrapher in the Eastern Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He next took a position with a mercantile agency and was put in charge of the Atlanta office of the concern. His work there was so admirable that he was called to New York to fill an important position, and was afterward transferred to Pittsburg as Manager of the Western Pennsylvania District.

The iron business at that time suffered severely through bad debts. Mr. Case suggested a credit system.

The suggestion appealed very strongly to the management and Mr. Case was given an opportunity to demonstrate what he could do. Inside of a year he cut down the losses from bad debts over fifty per cent. As a reward Mr. Case was formally admitted to the company.

The dean of "The Thirty" is Mr. James Scott, who has the distinction of being the only man in the concern who cannot be classed as young. He is fifty years old. He is jocularly referred to as one of the "acquired properties." He has a national reputation as one of the leading furnace men of America—that is, he is a man who can do more with a set of blast furnaces than can almost any one else. He is the General Superintendent of the Lucy Furnaces, one of the most important plants of the company.

The Amazing Feat of a Military Man

Captain L. T. Brown, the only military man among the Thirty, also won his partnership because of his remarkable capacity as a practical operator. He was formerly employed as Superintendent at the Moorhead Mills, where his reputation was made. The Carnegie Company made him a handsome offer and placed him in charge of the Union Mills. To the amazement of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Schwab and the others, Mr. Brown, without increasing the plant by so much as a smoke-stack, trebled the production of these mills, a feat without a parallel. He was admitted to partnership in '92.

Among the other partners who belong to the operating staff and who won their spurs are Mr. E. F. Wood, Assistant to the General Superintendent of the Homestead Works, and who ranks as the finest metallurgist in the country; Mr. James Hunter, the Superintendent of the Lower Union Mills, who was admitted to partnership five years ago; Mr. A. E. Hunt, who is the Superintendent of the armor-plate mills at Homestead, a position in which he succeeded Mr. Corey, now President of the company; and Mr. A. C. Dinkey, General Superintendent of the Homestead Works, who left the farm at fifteen and struck out for himself. These men all came up from the ranks.

So with the other members of "The Thirty." None of them had either money or influence to help them along. They made their own way by hard work, by loyalty to their employers, and by using to the best advantage the brains that God gave them. Their example is one to inspire every young American.

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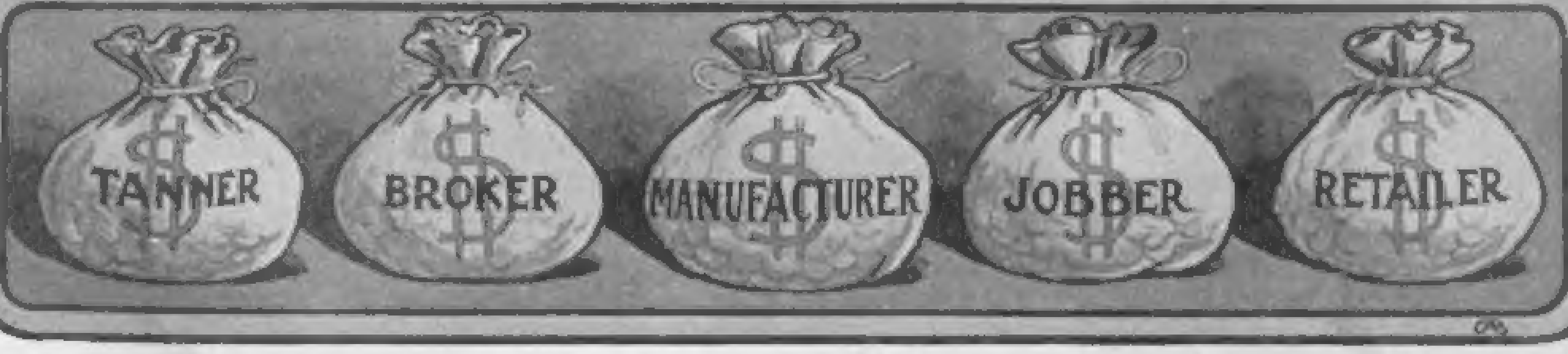

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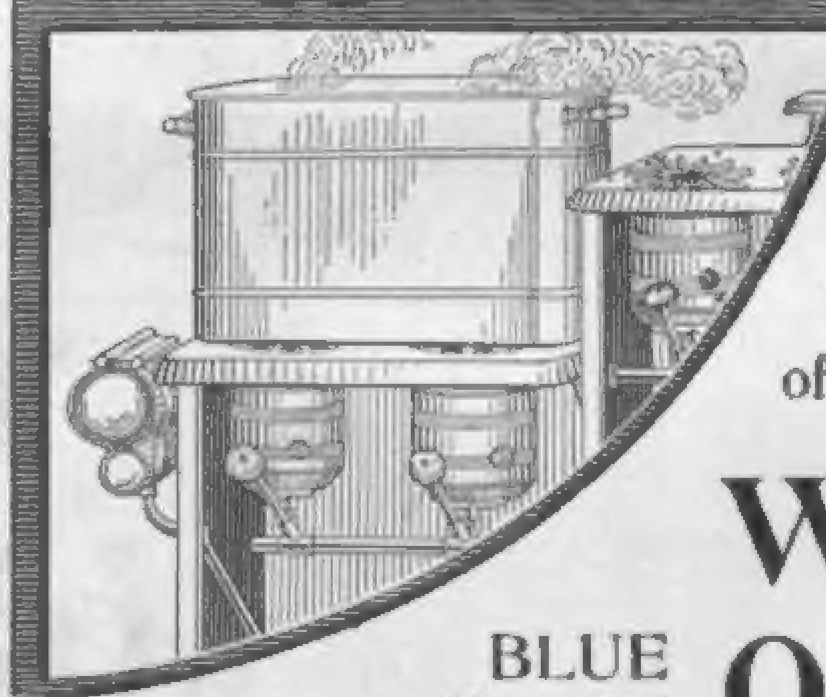

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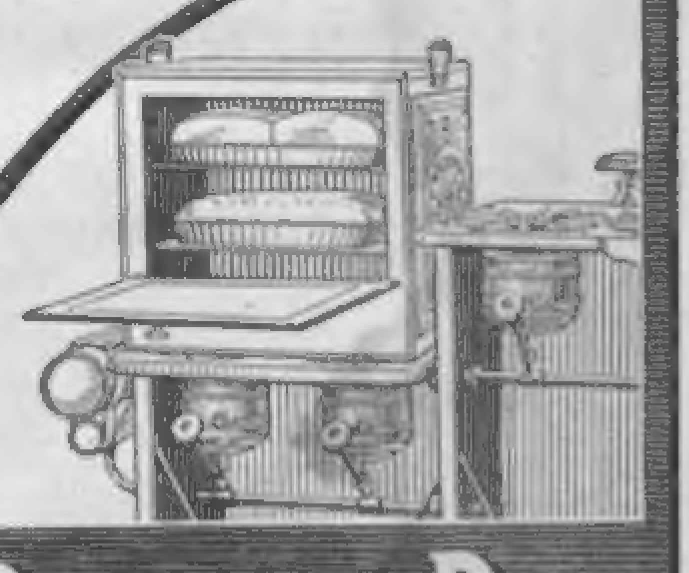

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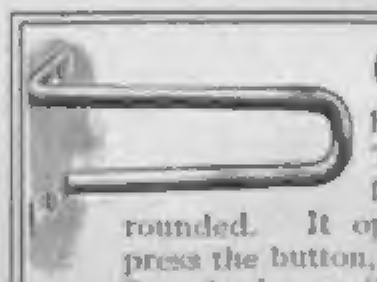

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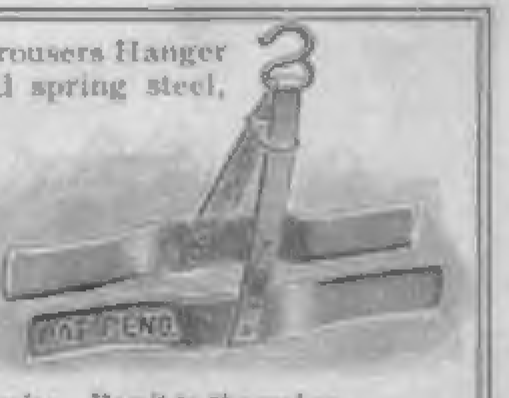

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